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TABLE OF CONTENTS

Vol. 121 April 16, 1919 No. 16

THE OUTLOOK IS PUBLISHED WEEKLY BY THE OUTLOOK COMPANY, 381 FOURTH AVENUE, NEW YORK. LAWRENCE F. ABBOTT, PRESIDENT. N. T. PULSIFER, VICE-PRESIDENT. FRANK C. HOYT, TREASURER. ERNEST H. ABBOTT, SECRETARY. TRAVERS D. CARMAN, ADVERTISING MANAGER. YEARLY SUBSCRIPTION—FIFTY-TWO ISSUES—FOUR DOLLARS IN ADVANCE. ENTERED AS SECOND-CLASS MATTER, JULY 21, 1893, AT THE POST OFFICE AT NEW YORK, UNDER THE ACT OF MARCH 3, 1879

Paris and Europe: Another Week of Uncertainty 635
The Crimes of the Bolshevists 635
Mayor Thompson, of Chicago: His Re-Election; Side Issues in His Election .. 635
General O'Ryan Speaks 636
The Return of Admiral Sims 637
A New Experiment in Brotherhood 637
A Counter-Revolution in Mexico 638
A Fighting Violinist 638
An International Council of Women Formed in France 638
Cartoons of the Week 639
Five French Societies and Their Plans .. 640
From Those Who Stayed in Turkey 640
The Future of Forestry 640
An Example of Open Diplomacy 641
The Episcopal Mission to Rome 641
Easter—1919 642
By Lyman Abbott
Prohibition—The Next Step 643
Egypt To-Day 644
From a Special Correspondent, Robert S. McClenahan, President of Assiut College
A Panorama of Central Europe 645
An Authorized Interview with President Masaryk, of the Czechoslovak Republic, by Gregory Mason, Staff Correspondent of The Outlook
Arthur McQuaid, American: A Psychological Episode 647
By Herman Schneider
Current Events Illustrated 649
The Blue Road (Poem) 654
By May Riley Smith
The Land of Contented Women 654
By Christian Leden
Why the Knights of Columbus Made Good 665
By John B. Kennedy
Weekly Outline Study of Current History 666
By J. Madison Gathany, A.M.
The New Books 668
On the Fear of Death 630
Americanization of Immigrants 630
Puzzled (Poem) 633
By William Northrop Morse
Devastated St. Quentin 633
By the Way 674

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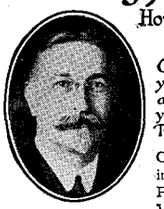

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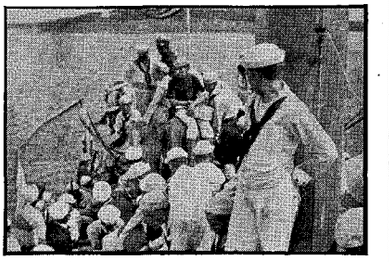

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PUZZLED

BY WILLIAM NORTHROP MORSE

What made the grown-up people very good
When they were little children, and just why
Should all the making mischief come with us?
Did elders never mark up walls, or try

To take an extra cookie from the jar?
Or run away into the woods to see
Where Goldilocks had found the three brown bears?
Or shake the bright red plums from off the tree?

Or play upon the way to Sunday school?
Or make up songs 'bout teachers when they scold?
If grown-ups were *so* good, then why should they
Have bad, naughty children when they're old?

DEVASTATED ST. QUENTIN

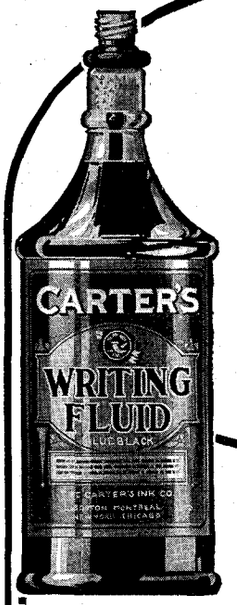
A letter has been received by a member of The Outlook staff from a woman friend who for more than two years has been the secretary in Lyons, France, of the War Relief Committee of the Needlework Guild of America. She tells of the suffering that exists in the devastated sections in France that she has recently visited, and graphically describes the conditions as she found them in St. Quentin. She says in her letter:

"It is really almost too soon to make definite plans to organize a branch of the Guild there. The town is in a dreadful condition. There is *not one* of the houses that can be used in its actual condition. Many have been blown with mines; some have received shells; the walls are falling; all the plumbing pipes on the roofs have been taken away—the water has dripped all through the walls. It would not be safe to use those houses. The staircases are broken; the wooden railings were stolen.

"We went to the churchyard. All the graves were opened; the family vaults were searched; the lead coffins stolen; the bones are there in heaps. All the stoves were taken from the houses into the streets—also in heaps—and sewing-machines, which for over two years were left to rust. In every house there are heaps of mud, of bricks. The question of cleaning the city and those ruins is one of the hardest problems. The water supply was cut—all the pipes taken; holes dug deep in the ground by shells; all the electric wires were taken.

"Sheets, towels, underwear, or goods to make underwear and clothing, baby outfits, blankets or counterpanes, kitchen towels, are needed. You know that our people use heavier goods. Some unbleached muslin, if it is cheaper. Sheets can be made of two widths sewed together—3¼ to 3½ yards long, 2½ to 2¾ yards wide—as the bolster is always rolled in the sheet. That serves for a pillow."

The writer of the letter states that hardly any sewing-machines are obtainable in France at the present time, and are greatly needed. She appeals for contributions of such articles as she has mentioned. Any one who is willing to help these poor people in St. Quentin to help themselves is asked to communicate with the War Relief Committee of the Needlework Guild of America, 160 Fifth Avenue, New York City, and any contributions sent to that address will be promptly forwarded to the Foreign Secretary of the Committee at Lyons.



"Thro many a street
And many a town,
The Inkman shapes his way,
The trusty ass
Keeps plodding on,
His master to obey."

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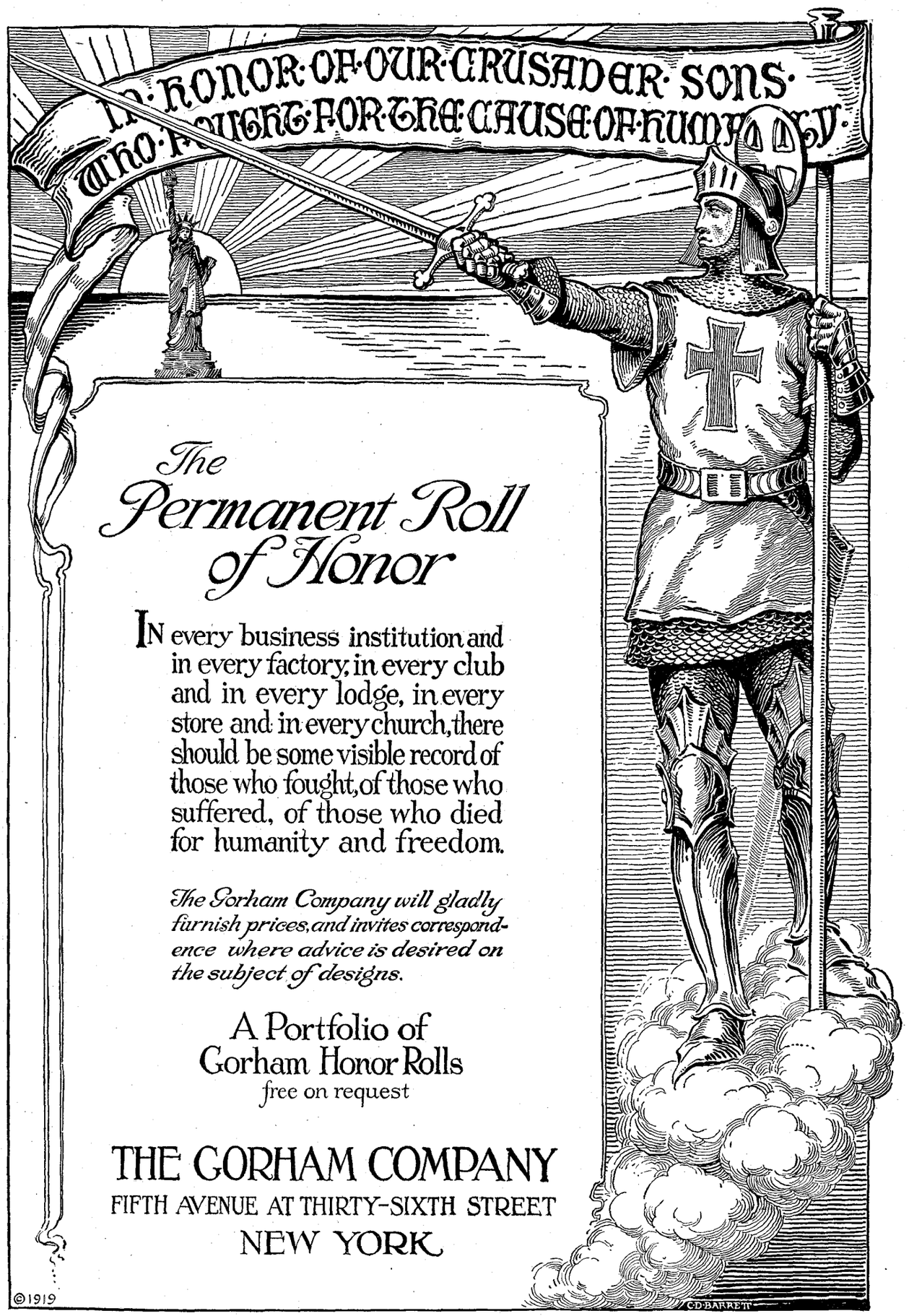

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The Outlook

APRIL 16, 1919

PARIS AND EUROPE: ANOTHER WEEK OF UNCERTAINTY

AGAIN, for the week ending April 9, the reports from Paris as to the making of peace were contradictory; they ranged from Lloyd George's hope that the preliminary peace treaty would be made public by Easter to the rumors that President Wilson had found it impossible to agree with the other members of the "Big Four" and that it is possible that he might return home with no peace treaty concluded. So, also, the reports as to specific questions at issue, such as reparation, France's claims to security, the future of Dantsic, and the Italian and Jugoslav dispute, vary from assertions that agreement has been reached to foreboding that agreement seems impossible. The illness of the President and later of Mr. Lloyd George have had also a certain delaying effect.

Meanwhile unrest, both political and revolutionary, continues in Central Europe. Germany itself has had to deal with violence and strikes at Stuttgart, Frankfort, in the Ruhr industrial basin, Essen, and elsewhere. In Bavaria the Soviet or Communist government is in power at Munich, and the more conservative government, headed by Hoffman as Premier, has fled or "retired" to Nuremberg. The Revolutionary Central Council declares that it has taken over entire public authority in Bavaria through Workers', Soldiers', and Peasants' Councils; that "everything belongs to the community; independent socialization is therefore out of the question." Much the same condition of affairs exists in Hungary as in Bavaria. In both countries the communistic idea seems to be contending with the preposterous proletarianism of the Russian Bolsheviki.

Even one of the most satisfactory announcements of the week, namely, the news that Germany had fully yielded to the demand that Polish troops should be allowed to pass through Dantsic, was later modified by the statement that the yielding was as to the principle involved and that it was understood that the troops would, as a matter of fact, be taken to the Polish front by another route through Germany.

Anxiety has been felt, and continues to be felt, about the safety of the American and British forces in the Archangel and Murmansk sections. Small reinforcements both of American and British troops are on their way. One English paper declares that "another Kut-el-Amara or Khartum tragedy is threatened in this section." Sir Ernest Shackleton, the famous explorer, declares that both fronts are in danger because the Allied forces are outnumbered, and that the Bolshevist peril in North Russia is a serious one. On the other hand, all attacks made by the Bolshevist army on the Allies have been repelled with heavy loss to the Bolshevists. The opinion continues to prevail that it is the intention to remove the Allied forces from Murmansk as soon as the sea is free from ice and shipping is at hand. As has been said a thousand times, either this attempt against the Bolshevik strength ought never to have been made at all or it ought to have been made with forces vastly superior to those sent. The Allies lost their real opportunity to intervene with speed and efficiency in Russia when they failed to move with force and determination through Siberia last year.

THE CRIMES OF THE BOLSHEVISTS

In this country there has been a tendency among many radical thinkers to assume that Bolshevism is merely an extension of democracy instead of its antithesis and to reject the reports about Bolshevik terrorism as capitalistic lies. Such loose thinkers should read the official report just issued in Great Britain as a White Paper. Without citing the details presented in this report, we will quote in full the classification of Bolshevik misdeeds made by Mr. Lockhart, the British Consul at Petrograd, in a despatch dated November 5 last; it is prefaced by a general statement that the Bolsheviki had established a rule of force and oppression unequaled in the history of any autocracy:

> First, themselves the fiercest upholders of free speech, they suppressed every newspaper which does not approve their policy. In this respect the Socialist press suffered most of all.
>
> Second, the right of holding public meetings had been abolished, the vote had been taken away from every one except workmen in the factories and the poorer servants, and even among the workmen those who dared to vote against the Bolsheviki were marked down by Bolshevist secret police as counter-revolutionaries.
>
> Third, the worst crimes of the Bolsheviki have been against their Socialist opponents. Of countless executions which the Bolsheviki have carried out a large percentage has fallen on the heads of Socialists who had waged a lifelong struggle against the old régime, but who are now denounced as counter-revolutionaries merely because they disapprove of the manner in which the Bolsheviki have discredited Socialism.
>
> Fourth, the Bolsheviki have abolished even the most primitive forms of justice. *Thousands of men and women have been shot without even the mockery of a trial, and thousands more are left to rot in prisons* under conditions to find a parallel to which one must turn to the darkest annals of Indian or Chinese history.
>
> Fifth, the Bolsheviki have restored the barbarous methods of torture.
>
> Sixth, the Bolsheviki have established the odious practice of taking hostages; still worse, they have struck at their political opponents through their women folk.

And these are the people whose leaders some Americans would have recognized as heads of a civilized Government!

MAYOR THOMPSON, OF CHICAGO: HIS RE-ELECTION

When the second largest city of the United States chooses a political head in an election in which seven hundred thousand votes are cast, the election is no more local than a similar election would be in New York City. If National issues are not involved directly, they are indirectly; when local and personal issues are eliminated, there are still bound to remain indications of trends of popular feeling worth noting.

The Republican organization supporting Mayor Thompson made a campaign on National and not on local issues, in so far as that is possible. This was a repetition of their tactics of four years ago. They pointed to unemployment, they talked for a tariff, and they objected to the League of Nations. The Chairman of the State Committee, who was not a citizen of Chicago, joined the speakers for Mayor Thompson, as did Congressman La Guardia, of New York. Mr. Mann gave out a very strong statement, in point of view of National politics, in favor of Mayor Thompson.

As to Mr. Hoyne's "Independent" candidacy, a well-informed Chicago correspondent tells The Outlook:

> There are observers who may say that Mr. Hoyne's candidacy was intended to defeat Mr. Sweitzer. Sweitzer, who has been a reasonably competent public servant in a small way, was of the very essence of the Sullivan crowd, more royalist than the king himself. Sweitzer was one of the "gas crowd" of which unhappy memory goes back to the Ogden Gas franchise, and which had become faint but which had been brought to life by the recent outrages upon public opin-

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ion by the gas company, including exorbitant and inexact overcharges. An analysis of the vote by wards shows that Thompson ran badly in the great Republican wards, but in the wards normally Democratic the Harrison Democrats took no chance on Hoyne but voted for Thompson in order to defeat their almost hereditary enemy Sullivan. Thompson had revived the old Harrison issue against public utilities. The recent increase in elevated railway fare, the great increase in gas rates, the outrageous overcharging and inexact gas bills, the threatened increase in fare on the surface lines, and the nomination of one of the "gas boys," all combined to make a very real issue of the public utilities question.

There is no question that opposition to the League of Nations as originally drafted played a part in the result. The correspondent above quoted says: "Speakers asked the crowds if they wished to guarantee the integrity of the British Empire in the Balkan States? The crowds roared back, 'No.' They asked them if they wished their sons to police Armenia or other peoples subject to the mandatory, and again they answered, 'No.'"

MAYOR THOMPSON, OF CHICAGO: SIDE ISSUES IN HIS ELECTION

Into the campaign there was injected as a side issue the question of prohibition. Everybody knows Chicago is not ready to "go dry." Whether the proposal to close Chicago saloons May 1 was put on the ballot in good faith or not we do not know; it is a fact that the prohibitionists put no organization in the field and made a weak fight; the result was that the proposal was defeated by a vote of about 5 to 1, and it is stated that even the women voters in the large majority voted "wet." The Chicago "Tribune" says: "Nearly 400,000 men and women voted against prohibition and less than 159,000 voted for it. Nearly 125,000 women voted wet and less than 77,000 women voted dry." The advocates of prohibition saw no reason to contest the matter fiercely, because, even if successful, local prohibition would operate only two months before the National law goes into effect.

The re-election of Mr. Thompson, although by a vote 130,000 less than he got four years ago, was very largely due to the fact that his opponents were divided on side issues. The reason why the opposition was split up was because of the divided reasons adduced against the re-election, while, on the other hand, Mr. Thompson managed to draw to himself votes from half a dozen quite different elements. One report says: "The campaign was perhaps the most bitter ever contested in Chicago. Partisanship, religion, and racial feeling resulted in demonstrations toward the close to an extent that frequently called for police interference."

A second Chicago correspondent of The Outlook puts the same thing in an amusing fashion when he says: "All the prejudice tom-toms were sounding furiously. The electorate stood on its head, as 'twere, danced jigs, threw many kinds of fits, and ran around in circles, trying to keep up with the many roorbacks on race, religion, caste, and booze."

Among these side issues or prejudices were such things as that Thompson is a Mason, Sweitzer a Knight of Columbus; that Thompson announced himself as favoring self-determination for Ireland; that he railed about "traction barons" and "sinister corporation interests," "food pirates," and "war profiteers." Furthermore, he posed as a martyr because of the attack on him as being pro-German at the outset of the war or before; he denied that he had used certain offensive phrases attributed to him; so that while his refusal to invite General Joffre and Signor Viviani to Chicago is still remembered against him, and rightly, he received the votes of many who declare that Chicago is the sixth German city in the world in population only in the sense that it has an immense number of loyal Americans of German descent.

It might seem paradoxical to say that one of the elements of Mayor Thompson's success was the fact that he was opposed by every daily newspaper in Chicago; yet his speakers in some quarters of the town appealed eloquently to the hatred of the proletariat for "a lying, crooked, commercialized press," and perhaps even some of the more intelligent voters resented what was represented to them as being newspaper dictation in political matters.

The candidacy of Mr. Fitzpatrick was a rather feeble attempt to bring into existence a political National party which should be a Labor party in the sense in which such a Labor party exists in Great Britain—an idea which never has gained much ground here and which is not likely to do so in the future.

There is no doubt, it may be added, that Mr. Thompson is, in the National sense, thoroughly Republican, and that he stands for a strong protective tariff and the protection of American labor in that manner. He is emphatically a politician rather than a statesman, but he believes and says that his election augurs Republican success in the Nation next year.

Our judgment is that if a genuine trusted Democrat had been nominated in Sweitzer's place Thompson would have been defeated; but also that if a really first-rate Republican had been nominated instead of Thompson no Democrat could have won.

GENERAL O'RYAN SPEAKS

General O'Ryan, Commander of the Twenty-seventh Division, the return of which to this country was recently celebrated by a great military parade in New York, made a speech the other day at a luncheon of the Merchants' Association of New York City which is of National interest. He proved to be as good a speaker as he is a fighter, and that is saying a great deal.

In quiet, dignified, but well-chosen English he said that there were three features in the experience of the Twenty-seventh Division on the western front that he desired to report to his fellow-citizens. The first was that the twenty-five thousand men under his command have come back with very different feelings regarding the British from those with which they went over. They went with the traditional school-book prejudice of the American, especially of the American of Irish ancestry, against the British. On arrival in France they found, much to their disgust, that they were to be brigaded with the British in Flanders. They expected an uncomfortable time. On the contrary, they were treated with the utmost courtesy and friendliness, and although they found differences in customs, manners, and habits, they were not long in learning that the British were fair, square, and always dependable. If a British private or a British officer said he would do a thing, you could depend upon him though the heavens should fall. This quality of dependability is one of the greatest qualities that a soldier can have, said General O'Ryan, and as a result of it he believed that the enlisted men and officers of his command were a unit in coming back with respect and admiration for the British Allies. This was a fine tribute coming from an American with an Irish name, and we are glad to repeat it here.

In the second place, General O'Ryan said that a knowledge of military technique is not the most difficult nor perhaps the most essential part of a soldier's education. A vigorous, quick-witted American can be taught to throw hand grenades in a week or two, to handle a rifle in a month or two, and to become an expert in drill, tactics, and other professional qualities of a soldier in a year; but he cannot change his ingrained character in such brief periods of time, and character is at the base of all military success. Wherever there were local failures in the work of his division, they could always be traced to lack of character, stability, and moral purpose on the part of either the enlisted men or the company officers. Therefore, if we are to have the best kind of military training in this country, we must go back to the home and to the school and seek it there.

In the third place, it was General

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O'Ryan's opinion that, in so far as the men in his division are concerned, there is no danger of their being carried off their feet, when they take up civil life again, by any kind of revolutionary Bolshevism, for the American soldier who has had any experience on the western front has become convinced, as perhaps he has never been convinced before, that liberty, justice, and free development can exist only under a social system which is based on law and order.

General O'Ryan's address was a serious and impressive one. The only touch of humor came at the end in a story which he told of a colored doughboy. This private had been detailed to a French battery in action, and while it was in action an officer came along and asked him what his detail was.

"I am do'man, Colonel, sir," replied the colored soldier.

"Doorman!" said the astonished officer. "What do you mean by doorman?"

"Why, Colonel, sir," explained the colored doughboy, "I opens the do' of the gun, this man puts in the ca'tridge, I shuts the do', I pulls the trigger! Brrr—o-o-o-m! Then I climbs up, looks over the gun, and calls out, 'Kaiser, count yo' men!'"

Colonel Hayward, the Commander of the famous 369th Negro Regiment which was cited for valor, capped this story with another at the same luncheon.

Colonel Hayward said that when his regiment arrived on the western front one of the first duties which his men had to perform was to unload shells from a narrow-gauge railway train that was run as near the firing line as possible, and deposit the shells on the munition dump. This work had to be done at night to escape, if possible, the notice of the German observation balloons. As morning approached the work became more and more feverish and the men were loaded more and more heavily with the shells which they were transporting on their backs. At first each soldier carried one shell at a time, then the number was increased. Finally one splendid physical specimen staggered across the mud and ruts with four shells which had been loaded on his back, and, almost overcome with exhaustion, asked the sergeant in charge how his, the doughboy's, name appeared on the detail. The sergeant consulted his paper and answered:

"Here it is—Private Simpson."

"Would you please spell the name, Sergeant?" said the doughboy.

"Yes," said the Sergeant. "S-i-m-p-s-o-n, Simpson. Is that right?"

"Yes," acknowledged the dusky soldier, "that's ex-act-ly, pre-cise-ly right, Sergeant. I asked because I thought you might have it down *Samson!*"

General O'Ryan and Colonel Hayward thus testified in the pleasantest and most effective way to both the courage and the inexhaustible good humor of our colored troops under the most trying conditions.

THE RETURN OF ADMIRAL SIMS

"You may count upon every man, every dollar, every drop of blood, of your kindred across the sea," was the historic declaration of Admiral Sims in London seven years ago. The promise that this would happen if the British Empire and the world's peace were seriously threatened was no doubt indiscreet, officially speaking, and its utterance led to a proper official rebuke; but that it voiced American sentiment time has shown. Equally true was Admiral Sims's remarkable prediction of just such a world war as we have seen.

It was eminently fitting that this man of insight, courage, and quiet resolution should command the American naval forces in foreign waters. His return to his own country last week was not merely the occasion of welcome to one whose name with that of General Pershing will stand in history for America's supreme command of her naval and military forces abroad. In the forceful slang of the day, Admiral Sims "made good." He worked in perfect harmony with the British Admiralty, and was honored and trusted by them as no other foreign officer ever was.

Some facts not known during the actual war were stated informally by Admiral Sims on his return. As to the full cooperation of English, French, and Italian navies, he says: "To use an army term, we brigaded our forces with theirs. The whole force handled the coast from the White Sea to the Adriatic, and then to Constantinople." He stated that there are now about 25,000 naval men and officers left abroad out of the 80,000 that the United States had over there; that the United States had about 400 of the 4,000 Allied warships engaged in the war—a majority of them, of course, being anti-submarine craft; but, as he phrased it, "our ships gave a good account of themselves, and, ship for ship, did a good stunt." Admiral Sims did not hesitate to say that early in 1917 the Central Powers were winning the war because of their submarine successes. It will always be a source of pride that our Navy did such fine work in reducing that menace to comparative harmlessness.

It was characteristic of Admiral Sims that in his talk to reporters he emphasized with great feeling the work of the merchant marine in this war. He said:

> And don't forget the men of the merchant marine. They stood by us at all times and did their duty in every respect. No torpedo could keep them back. I know of men torpedoed six times, and yet they kept on and crossed the ocean again and again.
>
> At the beginning the Navy did not understand the merchant marine. They thought us a pink-tea outfit, and we looked on them as hardy sailors, and that was all. Now we understand each other, and I am glad to say this of them: "Braver men never went to sea."

A NEW EXPERIMENT IN BROTHERHOOD

Last month the British Government created a "Joint Employees' and Employers' Committee" to consider and report on the present industrial unrest and to recommend methods for dealing with it. This Committee has now made a unanimous report. It proposes a National Council of four hundred, one-half representing capitalists, one-half representing laborers, the capitalist representatives to be elected by employers' organizations, the labor representatives by the trade unions. This National Council is to be recognized by the Government as an official consultative authority on industrial relations and the normal channel through which the opinion of industry is to be sought. This is of itself a governmental recognition of trade unions. But it is further provided that both employers and workingmen are to "accept the jurisdiction of their respective organizations." The exact meaning of this phrase is not interpreted in the cable report from which we are quoting. The Joint Committee further recommends the Parliamentary enactment of a forty-eight-hour labor week, discouragement of systematic overtime, the enactment of a minimum wage basis, prevention of unemployment by provision for or maintenance of the unemployed, with opportunity for their education.

This report is yet to be submitted to Parliament; but from the New York "Times's" cable account there seems little doubt that it will be accepted by the present Cabinet. If accepted by Parliament, it will put the English people solidly in opposition to the Bolshevik movement in Central Europe, for that movement is avowedly one of war to the death against capital and all capitalists. It denies that capitalists have any right which laborers are bound to respect. The right to representation in government, to own property, to have their families protected, the right even to live, has been denied to them, not only by flamboyant oratory, but by widespread action. The British position, on the other hand, as interpreted by the appointment of this Joint Committee, is based on the belief that capitalists and laborers can live together in harmony and work together in partnership, and it proposes to provide machinery for that purpose. It promises, on a large scale, a national experiment in

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brotherhood, attempted in this country on a small scale by the experiment at Altoona, Pennsylvania, described in The Outlook for March 26.

A COUNTER-REVOLUTION IN MEXICO

Mexico, always turbulent and dangerous, is just now unusually rife with rumors of revolution and reports of raids. It is nothing new that bandits should attack Americans on American soil, as lately happened; an apology from Carranza seems to be all that is expected. Whether the bands of brigands which infest many parts of Mexico really have any connection with Villa, or whether Villa is dead or alive, is not positively known and does not matter much. The simple fact is that Carranza has not force enough to keep order in Mexico. So long as this condition exists plunder and murder in Mexico will go on, and will occasionally drive across the border to the insult and injury of this country. When the outrage to Americans and the American flag becomes unendurable, as in the case of the Columbus raid, Washington may move in the matter; otherwise not.

But the new revolution is another matter. It may prove a death-blow to the present Government, or at least a renewal of fighting on a large scale that will recall the old war between Huerta, Villa, and Carranza. On the other hand, it may prove a flash in the pan, as other attempts to destroy Carranza's power have proved. General Aurelio Blanquet, who has landed in Mexico and is gathering an army to support Felix Diaz, is a reactionary, was a member of Huerta's Cabinet, and may very likely in the end supplant Diaz. Blanquet is probably an abler man and better soldier than Diaz.

One part of the programme announced for this revolution is intended to gain favor in the United States. Blanquet announces that his movement is "pro-Ally" in sympathy, that he seeks the recognition of the United States as regards the belligerency of his government, and that he will do everything to secure American rights and safety in Mexico. It may be that the new revolution will at least prove a counter-irritant to the German influence so unfortunately evident in Mexico. Blanquet's agent says that the whole Carranza régime is tainted with pro-Germanism and that Obregon as well as Carranza is pro-German. But the prospect of internal war on a large scale is certainly not an agreeable one to Mexico's nearest international neighbor.

A FIGHTING VIOLINIST

In a recent issue of the New York "Evening Sun" Mr. George Gordon Battle, a well-known lawyer of New York City and Secretary of Local Draft Board No. 159, tells the tragic and inspiring story of David Hochstein, one of the drafted men who appeared before his Board in August, 1917. Hochstein was a professional violinist of very great talent and promise. His home was in Rochester, New York, and he was granted exemption by the Board because his widowed mother was dependent upon him. Somewhat later he voluntarily appeared before the Board again, announced that he had made provision for his mother, and asked to serve. He was sent to Camp Upton, where he was trained, went overseas as a private, later was commissioned second lieutenant, and was killed in Argonne Forest in October, 1918. Mr. Battle, with his mother's permission, prints David Hochstein's last letter to her, written on September 29, not long before his death. From that letter we quote the following eloquent and touching paragraph:

> I have made my commission, and of course I am happy over it. But that is not much compared to those things that cannot be appraised by a gold or silver shoulder bar.
>
> When you have seen and met men who have been through the inferno many times, every belief you ever held is either destroyed or tempered more strongly, and I have had many to destroy—in whose place I find newer, better, and stronger ones. Every one finds his belief, his religion here, and I have found mine. I adhere to no creed, no more than my father did, nor to any particular kind of God, but, dear mother, I *believe*. I have faith. I know that for all these heroic souls gone to the beyond there is some future. The world could not be so materialistic as to have it otherwise. There is much that is materialistic about the war—too much. But those who die, be it recklessly or by the most unexpected exploding shell, have a compensation more than a mere title of hero or a posthumous service cross. You don't try to explain it—but you know it in France.

One of his commanding officers, Major G. P. Baldwin, has written of David to his mother, a letter which Mr. Battle also makes public. In the course of his letter Major Baldwin says:

> David Hochstein with a number of other new lieutenants was assigned to the Sixtieth Infantry early in October. . . .
>
> We spent several days in a wood behind the line before the regiment moved to its place in line. Here I came to know Dave well and remarked his ability to the extent that I placed him on the battalion headquarters staff.
>
> I learned from him that he was a musician and that he spoke French and German well, but of the extent of his success [as a professional musician] I did not guess, nor did he inform us, preferring, I suppose, to have us judge him simply by his work as a soldier. We quickly did that, and the attachment that my officers and I formed for him was very real. . . .
>
> Dave was dear to me simply as a fine young soldier and as a man, for at the time I did not know of his splendid gifts. . . . In the great adventure where courage and self-sacrifice become qualities so common to most men, the courage and gallantry of Dave were conspicuous.

In the upheaval and unrest of the times Americans whose ancestors have long lived in this country sometimes wonder whether our National life and institutions really do form a melting-pot. They did in the case of David Hochstein—a man bearing a German name, a man of foreign parentage if not of foreign birth, and a man whose love and genius for one of the most ennobling of the fine arts must have made the horrors of war intensely vivid and repellent. What can those of us who were forced by age or other circumstances to stay at home do but take off our hats in honor of the memory of this true-hearted young American who contributed to his adopted country the same high spirit, courage, and ideals that were contributed by its earliest founders?

AN INTERNATIONAL COUNCIL OF WOMEN FORMED IN FRANCE

The signing of the armistice was the signal for the remobilization of women—this time for the tasks of peace. A Provisional Council for this mobilization was formed when the American Young Women's Christian Association called together all the organizations in France working with women, with a view to cooperation in these peace tasks. The first meetings were held in Paris in the latter part of January, at the headquarters of the American Y. W. C. A. The delegates came from all parts of France. There were women of varying degrees of faith—Catholic, Protestant, Jewish, non-denominational; there were royalists and Socialists; women from exclusive social circles and workingwomen; and women of many nationalities. A group of Englishwomen, members of the World's Committee of the Y. W. C. A., took part in these conferences, so that they might be prepared intelligently to share in the reconstruction of the Y. W. C. A. which may be demanded as their Association enlarges and strengthens its world task. Women from Belgium and from Italy came to study methods, so as to carry this work to the women of their respective countries. What had been done for France by the American Y. W. C. A. in the way of foyers for workingwomen, hostels for students, and hostess houses at important ports it was decided should be done for Italy. A conference was held by twenty Rumanian women who had been forced to live in Paris during the war, at which the decision was made to organize a Y. W. C. A. in Rumania.

The purpose of this Provisional Coun-

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CARTOONS OF THE WEEK

Cassel in the New York Evening World

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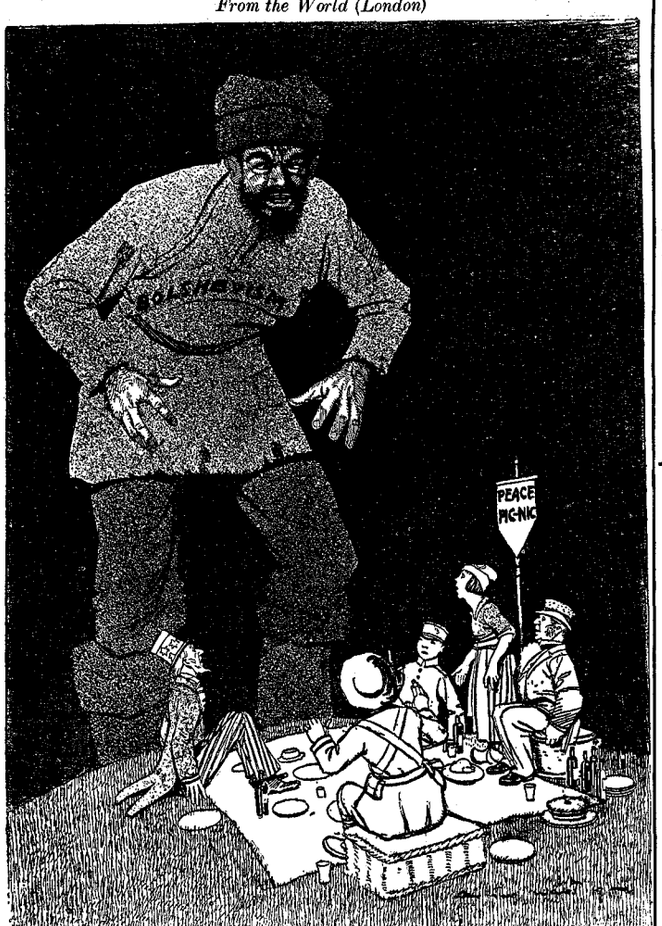
THE PACIFIER

Harding in the Brooklyn Eagle

"DASSENT SPANK ME NOW!"

From the World (London)



THE UNINVITED GUEST

From the London Mail

Mother: "Would you like to come and rock the baby for a bit, Tommy?"
Tommy: "Rather! but I haven't got a rock!"

From the Evening News (London)

Post Office Dilly: "Gracious! What was that whizzed by?"
Post Office Dally: "I think it was a snail!"

THE SPEED DANGER—IT EXISTS HERE AS WELL AS IN ENGLAND

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cil is to collect information concerning the conditions and needs of women in France, and to develop certain forms of work which will set the standards for future permanent work. Eighty per cent of the membership of this Council is French, and it is roughly divided into five sections. An American Y. W. C. A. representative who has had practical experience in definite problems relating to women workers is acting as executive of each group.

THE FIVE SOCIETIES AND THEIR PLANS

The five organizations thus associated are:

The Conseil National des Femmes Françaises—the large National Council of Women—which includes one hundred and seventy different units throughout France. The question of housing for women in Paris is a very serious one, and this particular organization plans to maintain a model home in Paris that will take care of from one hundred to one hundred and fifty workingwomen. A restaurant on the order of the inexpensive American cafeteria is to be run in connection with the house. This is a decided innovation in France.

Les Amies de la Jeune Fille—the Friends of the Young Girl. Housing, recreation, and restaurants for women in industrial towns are being considered by this group. In port cities like Brest and Marseilles hotels will be built where women can stay while awaiting their sailing. In the devastated regions like Rheims and St. Quentin the society is planning to erect dormitories where young women returning to these cities may stay while their former homes are being rebuilt.

The Fédération d'Étudiants—organized in the sixteen university cities of France. The American Y. W. C. A. has been requested by this group to co-operate with it in the erection of hostels for women students at French universities, and to assist in the establishment of a national training school where women graduates of universities may be prepared for philanthropic and civic work.

The Foyer des Alliés and Foyer Cantine. These clubs were formed by French and American women during the war for French workingwomen.

The fifth of these large organizations making up the Council is the Union Chrétienne des Jeunes Filles—the Christian Union of Young Women. It will maintain a small home for workingwomen in Paris.

The last meeting of the Provisional Council will probably be held this month, when a permanent programme will be presented. This programme is to be in the hands of the French women, who will be aided by American funds and by a limited American personnel. The aim of the Council is to give the French women the advantage of all that America has learned in the care of her industrial women, and to turn over to the French the work that Americans have been carrying on for them during the war.

FROM THOSE WHO STAYED IN TURKEY

Some fifty or more of the American Board's Turkey missionaries stayed at their posts all through the war. Most of them were women, partly because the Turks didn't insist on putting them out and partly because the work of the women for the distracted Armenian women and the deserted orphan children was most closely needed.

When the British and French came through Turkey, they permitted these Americans to use their postal facilities, and the American Board mail is highly interesting. For instance: A card from Mardin, one of the chief cities of Kurdistan, some sixteen hundred feet above the plains of Mesopotamia, is written by Miss Diantha Dewey, who with her mother and with a young woman kindergarten teacher have stood by; it tells of carrying on a girls' school and a school for *little* boys (the big ones are all gone), and of finding deserted babies at their door, besides having to care for many helpless and poor children in the city.

One of the American men who have stayed at Marash, an old city with ruins dating back to the Hittites and to Bible times, managed last December to get through to Hadjin, where Miss Olive Vaughan had stayed alone since 1916. She had seen frightful cruelty, comforted those in terrible afflictions, was the only person in the place to care for or to doctor the sick during the Spanish fever epidemic, and when Mr. Lyman, of the Board, reached Hadjin she was nearly at the end of her strength. Mr. Lyman took back the mission buildings from the Turkish officials, repaired them, started a weaving industry for the refugees, and established communication once more with Marash.

In Tarsus Dr. and Mrs. T. D. Christie were in charge of the school named for St. Paul. Mrs. Christie stayed all through the four years. Dr. Christie was in America when the war broke out and was not able to get back. Now the French are in Tarsus, and Mrs. Christie is heard from. She says:

> Our premises have been full of people connected with the war for four years. First we had a whole regiment, next a big convalescent hospital, and at the same time had a hundred or more spies quartered here, prisoners of war with their guards. Now all are gone.
>
> Airplanes came and went, but did us no harm. German automobiles filled with German officials buzzed about our streets; and big pashas, Enver Pasha among them, were guests at the Turkish commandant's house across the street. The cooks and the table waiters were always borrowing of us sheets and table linen, silver dishes, and so on to help out in their entertainments.
>
> It used to seem as if the war would never end. We have seen no end of suffering, long-drawn-out misery among the people—the Christian people mainly. Our most influential Armenians, as well as the poor, were exiled and killed; died of fevers or hunger and cold by hundreds. So also from all over the country thousands upon thousands died in exile. Now exiles are returning, most of them in need of everything. I superintend much relief work. We also have a fine school this year—126 present yesterday.

THE FUTURE OF FORESTRY

The time has come for constructive public action that will bring about a right handling of our private timberlands. The practice of forestry on private timberlands, says the Forester, Mr. Henry S. Graves, is entirely possible when coupled with a liberal policy of public co-operation and assistance. Such public help, Mr. Graves holds, should be provided and forestry be made mandatory.

The actual situation and the right line of action are set forth by the Forester in a letter to The Outlook. He says:

"Our country is progressively destroying its forests. The consequences are very far-reaching. The exhaustion of the forest is followed by the closing of industries, the steady increase of waste lands, the abandonment of farms that depended for their market on the lumber communities, and the impoverishment of many regions.

"No section of the country can afford to have a large part of its land an unproductive waste, with the loss of taxable values, of industries, and of population that would be supported if these lands were productive. No section can afford to be dependent for its supplies of wood products on another section from one to three thousand miles away.

"The leaders of the Southern pine industry say that the original supplies of pine in the South will be exhausted in ten years, and that within five to seven years more than three thousand mills will go out of existence. Already there is an acute problem of supplies for paper mills and for other industries in the East which use specialized material. Pacific coast timber is entering the Eastern markets. This means that the price of home-grown timber has risen to a point making it possible to ship timber three thousand miles in competition with it.

"Timberland owners have not recognized an obligation to prevent their properties from becoming a source of injury to the community. Even in organized fire

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protection the chief effort is confined to the stands of merchantable timber. The character of the forest problem is such as to require the participation and direction of the public. We are not going to meet the situation until the public takes hold of it.

"There should be compulsory fire protection of cut-over lands as well as standing timber. The public should prohibit destructive methods of cutting that injure the community and the public at large.

"At the same time there should be recognized a public obligation not to throw the entire burden on private owners through merely restrictive measures, but liberal action to aid owners in introducing forestry should be taken. The public should provide a sane system of taxation; it should co-operate in such problems as over-production of lumber, land classification, colonization, problems of labor, technical questions relating to methods of practice, and other economic, industrial, and technical matters involved in a constructive programme of forestry."

AN EXAMPLE OF OPEN DIPLOMACY

SOME of the wisest leaders in this crisis of the world's history belong to what are called the small nations. Their power or opportunity to guide or direct the course of events may be very limited; but that should not prevent them from becoming influential counselors of public opinion. Among the most discerning and competent of these leaders are those who have been guiding the destinies of the Czechoslovaks. There are few men so well fitted for positions of leadership as President Masaryk, of the Czechoslovak Republic, and Mr. Benes, the representative of the Czechoslovaks in Paris. These men and men associated with them have shown a rare combination of ardent advocacy of freedom and judicial poise. We therefore specially commend to our readers the interview, printed in this issue of The Outlook, by our Staff Correspondent, Mr. Mason, with President Masaryk.

The circumstances under which this interview and the one with Dr. Karl Renner, which we published last week, came to The Outlook from its correspondent are worth relating because they throw light on the kind of leadership under which the Czechoslovaks have found their liberty. For many generations Austria has been the oppressor of the Czechs. Under Austrian rule Bohemia has been deprived of the enjoyment of rights which Americans take for granted. Now that the people of Bohemia, that is to say the Czechs, have attained their independence and their freedom, it would be most natural for their leaders to try to thwart in every way any effort on the part of Austria to gain the favor of other nations. If the Czech leaders did so, they would only be following the example of other national leaders in Europe, for the one plausible reason for maintaining the censorship in Europe is to hinder the propaganda of the countries formerly composing the Central Powers. Under this head of pro-German and pro-Austrian propaganda might very well be placed the arguments put forth by Dr. Karl Renner, Austrian Chancellor of State, in his interview with Mr. Mason. He used, not without skill, the familiar methods adopted by German propagandists to gain or regain the favor of American public opinion. Those who read that interview last week will remember how warmly Dr. Renner praised President Wilson and President Wilson's programme and ideas; how he specified for especial commendation the League of Nations and Mr. Wilson's Fourteen Points; how skillfully he adapted for Austrian purposes the theory, indorsed by Mr. Wilson, of self-determination; how subtly he assumed a contradiction between French and American ideals—between, for example, "a Wilson peace" and "a Clemenceau peace"—thus endeavoring to insert a wedge between France and the United States; how he undertook to insert another wedge between America and Japan, complacently ignoring the self-contradiction involved in saying in one moment that Japan might become an ally of Austria, and in another moment that by the same process there would ensue the downfall of the white race; how obviously he endeavored to release Austria from paying her debt by pleading poverty and by threatening the world with Bolshevism; how calmly he affected a desire to rid the world of Prussianism without denouncing a single thing that Prussianism had done.

A small-minded man in a position of power in Bohemia might easily have said that this was something which Bohemia ought to prevent from getting out into the world. What happened was that this interview, as well as the interview with President Masaryk himself, was sent through Bohemia to Paris under the stamp of a Czechoslovak censor and by a Czechoslovak courier. Czechoslovak leadership of this sort will be justified by its fruits. We do not believe the cause of the Czechoslovaks has anything to fear from such distortions of the truth as the Austrian propagandists undertake to circulate. On the contrary, we believe that a just cause can well afford to let its own case rest side by side with the misrepresentations of its opponents. The Czechoslovaks have given a good example of what it means to practice open diplomacy.

THE EPISCOPAL MISSION TO ROME

THE editorial entitled as above in The Outlook of April 2 has brought us several letters from Episcopalians, from which we select the two which follow:

In your issue of April 2 the editorial entitled "The Episcopal Mission to Rome" contains statements which are, of course unintentionally, very misleading. The editorial betrays such an utter misapprehension of the purpose of the deputation referred to that I beg the favor of your columns to call attention to the essential facts of the case.

At the General Convention of the Episcopal Church in 1910 it was resolved that a commission be appointed "to bring about a Conference for the consideration of questions touching Faith and Order, and that all Christian communions throughout the world which confess our Lord Jesus Christ as God and Saviour be asked to unite with us in arranging for and conducting such a Conference." The Commission appointed soon secured the cordial participation of the Protestant communions of America. The world-wide aspect of the proposed conference, however, was not forgotten. To communions abroad it was felt that the invitation should be presented by a personal deputation. Such a deputation was appointed to seek the co-operation of the churches on the Continent of Europe and in the Near East, and of the Roman Catholic Church. Of that deputation I was a member. We had arranged to sail in August, 1914, but the war broke out and our mission had to be postponed. Deputations did go to the Church of England and to the "Free Churches" of Great Britain.

Meanwhile it has been well understood that as soon as the way was open a deputation should start for the Continent of Europe. That deputation is the one that has just sailed, to carry out the original intention, all along understood, namely, to convey not only to the Roman Catholic Church, but also to the Eastern churches, the churches of the Scandinavian countries, and the Protestants of Germany, so far as they can be reached, the invitation to a World Conference. With the same end in view, the Commission of the Episcopal Church has held preliminary conferences with representatives of the Protestant churches of America, notably at Garden City in January, 1916.

To other evidences of misapprehension in the editorial I will not now take time to refer. My purpose in writing, as a member of the Commission, has been to show that the deputation that has lately sailed is sent with the very same purpose that has prompted invitations to our Protestant fellow-Christians of America—that is, to secure, so far as shall be found possible, a World Conference for the consideration of the questions of faith and order that divide Christians.

CHAUNCEY B. BREWSTER,
Bishop of Connecticut.

As a member of the Protestant Episcopal Church, may I thank you for your article entitled "The Episcopal Mission to Rome" in the April 2 number.

As a lay person, I would say that the

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strength and help of the Church has come to me through the interpretations of the life of Christ lived on this earth, not because an autocracy of dignitaries have chosen to call themselves dictators of the lives and consciences of men. The traditions of the Church with its service and prayers are dear to many, but there have been many corrupt interpretations for the sake of power. Real church unity is not a matter of autocracy or genealogy. It is a thing of spiritual power between all people who believe that God is the source and Christ the example.

DESIRÉE MCK. SANFORD.

These two letters, one by the Protestant Episcopal Bishop of Connecticut, the other by an Episcopal layman of New York City, confirm, we think, the general position of the editorial to which they refer, for they show pretty clearly that there are in the Episcopal Church two tendencies, the one Catholic, the other Protestant, the difference between the two being well represented by the two sentences in the layman's letter: "Real church unity is not a matter of autocracy or genealogy. It is a thing of spiritual power between all people who believe that God is the source and Christ the example."

Bishop Brewster adds to our editorial a statement of the historical fact that the Commission represented by the present delegation was appointed in 1910 "to bring about a Conference for the consideration of questions touching Faith and Order, and that all Christian communions throughout the world which confess our Lord Jesus Christ as God and Saviour be asked to unite with us in arranging for and conducting such a Conference." But he does not question our statement that a proposal from a representative committee of other Protestant churches, who do "confess our Lord Jesus Christ as God and Saviour," for co-operation with the Episcopal Church during the war in ministering to the sick and the dying in the hospitals and upon the field of battle was curtly rejected. One of the reasons assigned for that rejection was that "there is no central and authoritative body with which we can treat as to questions of intercommunion. By the terms of this organization, each congregation is independent as to its doctrine, discipline, and worship." We do not believe that the Protestant churches will surrender, for the sake of ecclesiastical unity, their independence in doctrine, discipline, and worship—an independence won at such cost by their Huguenot and Puritan forefathers. Nor does Bishop Brewster question our statement that the present Episcopal Commission has sailed for Rome to make an attempt to open negotiations with the Vatican, and that the Pope in 1896 refused authoritatively to recognize the Episcopal claims to Apostolic succession, and declared that Episcopal orders are invalid and that Anglicans can have recognition by Rome only by returning to the bosom of the Mother Church.

A proposal by Protestant churches for co-operation has been refused by the Episcopal Church, and a proposal by the Episcopal Church for the recognition of its orders has been refused by the Roman Catholic Church. We leave our readers to draw their own conclusions as to whether the Protestant faith or the Catholic faith furnishes the best basis for a hope of Christian unity.

To complete the history of this movement we should add that the "Churchman" of March 29 published a proposal for an approach toward unity subscribed to by representative leaders of the Episcopal Church and the Congregational Churches, which suggests for this purpose a proposed canon to be adopted by the Episcopal Church which will permit to Episcopal bishops under certain conditions the ordination of persons applying for that ordination, provided that they believe the Holy Scriptures of the Old and New Testaments to be the Word of God, and believe in and will administer the two sacraments of baptism and the Holy Communion and in the sacrament of the Lord's Supper will use the Apostles' or the Nicene Creed as the symbol of the faith of the Holy Catholic Church, will counsel with the bishop of the diocese, and will hold themselves answerable to the bishop in case they are called in question with respect of error of faith or of conduct. One receiving this special ordination may officiate in the diocese when licensed by the ecclesiastical authority, but he cannot become the rector or minister of any parish until he has engaged to conform to the doctrine, discipline, and worship of the Episcopal Church.

In the light of all these facts, we repeat the conclusion of the article which Bishop Brewster questions: "The only hope of Christian union in this country is in a federation of the free Christian Churches, co-operating on terms of mutual respect in Christian activity."

EASTER—1919

"We look not at the things which are seen, but at the things which are not seen."—2 Corinthians iv. 18.

THE power to look at things which are not seen is not peculiar to pietists and poets. It distinguishes man from the brute. It is the secret of all civilization, material and spiritual.

Innumerable men had seen apples fall from the trees. Newton perceived the invisible force which drew the apple from the tree, the invisible force which binds all the physical forces of the universe together and makes it one. Innumerable men had seen the lightning in the sky. Because Franklin and Morse and Edison perceived the invisible force which produces the lightning and the invisible laws which govern it, electricity, which no man has ever seen and no man can define, carries our messages, lights our houses, and moves our trolleys and our trains. The scientist differs from the casual observer because he looks at the forces which are not seen, learns their nature and the methods of their operation.

The difference between a statesman and a politician is that the statesman looks at the forces which are not seen, while the politician ignores them and prides himself upon being a practical man, without vision. It was because Washington and his contemporaries saw an invisible power uniting men by a common hope, a common ideal, and a common resolve that they devised a new kind of government resting upon the common sense and the common conscience of the people. It is because there were leaders who could look at and rightly appreciate the invisible forces of patriotism and humanity in the hearts of the sons and daughters of America that, breaking away from all the restraints with which a selfish policy bound us, we entered the world war, and gave our money, our food, our sons, our daughters, to save humanity from despotism and endow the world with liberty.

The power to perceive the invisible inspires all true reform. Those who would reform marriage by turning it into a commercial partnership which either partner may dissolve at pleasure are blind. They cannot see love, which is the perfect bond, nor comprehend the obligations which it involves, nor the duties which it entails, nor the power which endows it with patience and enables it to suffer long and still be kind. Love binds the world of men together as gravitation binds together the world of things. Every lover, from the babe in the cradle to the grandmother who rocks it, looks at and in some measure comprehends the love which no one ever saw and no one can ever measure.

Looking at the things which are unseen is the secret of all education. The other day at the Aeronautical Show I listened to a wireless telephone which brought to me in New York City messages from an airplane flying over New York Harbor. The operator told me that before this war came to its close through the air above the battlefield these messages went back and forth from one plane to another and from the aviator in the sky to the engineer upon the ground. But what are these messages compared with those which fill the air of a college library, bringing the great thoughts of unseen personages to the minds of the gathered students, so that Shakespeare speaks to one, Isaac Newton to another, Plato to a third? All education consists in the carriage of unseen ideas from one invisible mind to

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another invisible mind. The spoken word, the printed page, are but the wires which convey these messages, and we are beginning to learn that the messages may be carried without the wires.

This power to look at the things which are unseen is the secret of all human influences which survive the grave. I was in active life during Abraham Lincoln's Presidency. I do not hesitate to affirm that Abraham Lincoln's influence to-day is much greater than it was during the Civil War. It was then confined to America; it is now as wide as the world. It was then confined to the North; it is now gratefully recognized and accepted in the South. It was then bitterly resisted by prejudice; the prejudice has disappeared, the influence remains.

Of all the influences which have come down to us from the past none is so great as the influence which comes from Jesus Christ. He is a far greater power in the twentieth century than he was in the first. His influence is confined to no Church and to no country. Wise men from all races came to offer him their reverence. I have in my library an excellent commentary on the Four Gospels written by a Jew; another on the Gospel of Matthew written by a Brahmin; and I think the best interpretation of the spirit of the Fourth Gospel is one written by Mozoomdar entitled "The Oriental Christ"—and Mozoomdar did not cease to be a Brahmin when he became a Christian.

What is the secret of this invisible world in which we live? What is the secret of this invisible power which rules in all the material world and in all human history which we must see if we are to control the material world or successfully guide the world of men?

God.

Easter completes our Christian faith. For on every Easter—yes, on every Sabbath day—we Christians reaffirm our belief that the "Infinite and Eternal Energy from which all things proceed," "the Power not ourselves which makes for righteousness," has dwelt in one incomparable Life, filling it full of himself, so that Jesus of Nazareth could truly say, "I and my Father are one;" and his most intimate friend and earthly companion could write, "That . . . which we have heard, which we have seen with our eyes, which we have looked upon, and our hands have handled, of the Word of life . . . declare we unto you, that ye also may have fellowship with us: and truly our fellowship is with the Father, and with his Son Jesus Christ." To us the verification of our faith that he who was then living is still living is not in historic evidence of a distant fact, but in our present experience of a living Person. We can and do know him as our Companion, because we can and do look upon One who is unseen, and can and do live in fellowship with One who is the living and life-giving God, the Eternal Presence, the All in All.

This is the glory of Easter—not an ancient incident, but a continuing life.

LYMAN ABBOTT.

PROHIBITION—THE NEXT STEP

THE adoption of a Prohibition Amendment to the Constitution does not effect National prohibition. To make it effective there must be added wise National legislation and efficient National administration.

A Federal law enacted before the Prohibition Amendment forbids the transportation of alcoholic beverages into a prohibition State. The difficulty of enforcing this law was illustrated by the facts revealed by a contributor in The Outlook of April 2, giving an account of the acts of lawless liquor-sellers in Michigan. A letter from the Mayor of Wilmington, North Carolina, to Mr. Hines, the Director-General of the railway system of the United States, published in the New York "Times" of April 1, illustrates another phase of these difficulties. From that letter we make the following extract:

> I am inclosing a clipping which speaks for itself. One of our most prominent women was subjected to this treatment a few weeks ago. She was awakened in her berth by thugs in the guise of officers, and with a searchlight and pistol in her face the demand was made if she had any whisky.
>
> Another lady of this city, the wife of a prominent official, returning home from the North, suffered the indignity of having her grip searched and her lingerie removed in a supposed search for whisky, and when the thugs, called officers, did not find any liquor, they proceeded to appropriate wearing apparel which pleased their fancy. The lady alluded to, upon opening her grip, found that every new purchase she had made North had been stolen.
>
> These dastardly acts are perpetrated, I understand, between Washington and the North Carolina State line. There was a time when the good women of our city and Nation felt secure while traveling upon a Pullman car, but the time is now here when they must have a protector while occupying a berth upon lines controlled by the great United States Government.

Gladstone said that the object of law is to make crime more difficult and virtue more easy. The present condition of the liquor laws in the United States makes crime more easy in an endeavor to make vice more difficult. The saloon is a menace to civilization. The American people have registered their resolve to abolish it from American territory. That resolve was nearly, if not quite, as universal as the preceding resolve to abolish slavery from American territory. But they did not mean that highway robbery should be made possible in order to carry that resolve into effect.

Nor will the American public long consent to a condition which makes it possible to search travelers' luggage by official inspectors whenever a train or an automobile crosses a State boundary. This would be to repeat on a large scale and in an immeasurably more vexatious manner the custom-house searches which the traveler in Europe experiences.

Prohibition does not prohibit unless there are both wise legislation and efficient enforcement of law. At present we have no National prohibition, and we shall have none until Congress provides for its enforcement. Instead we shall have State prohibition, carried out inefficiently and irritatingly and often unjustly. The liquor question will not be taken out of politics. It will be more than ever in politics in its most obnoxious form. It has never been out of politics in Maine, where State elections sometimes, and local elections often, have turned on the question whether officials should be elected to enforce the law or to wink at its non-enforcement. In some States, as we have already pointed out, the question, What is intoxicating liquor? is left to be determined by the jury—a curious form of local option, since no house-mother making a bottle of currant wine, and no farmer making for home consumption apple cider, could know whether he or she was violating the law or not until indicted and put on trial for the act.

One of the first duties of the incoming Congress is to give serious and careful consideration to the question, What should be done by National legislation to make National prohibition prohibit? This ought not to be left to chance. There will probably be some men in Congress who will see no great objection to the methods of law practiced on the Virginia border. There will probably be some other men who will not feel any great objection to the methods of law violation practiced on the Michigan border. There is rarely a legislative assembly in America that does not contain some fanatics, and some lawless representatives of special interests, and this matter ought not to be left to either.

Congress ought to appoint either a committee in Congress or a commission outside to study the subject with open minds and formulate for Congressional action a law which will have the substantial support of those who voted for the Constitutional Amendment, and which will neither leave open the way for lawless citizens to set the law at defiance, nor subject innocent citizens, whom there is no reason to suspect of lawlessness, to irritating and perhaps even criminal police espionage.

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EGYPT TO-DAY

FROM A SPECIAL CORRESPONDENT

TO the average man "Egypt" spells only the name of a country whence, ages ago, the children of Israel were led out of bondage under Moses. Or perhaps it suggests only the Pyramids and the Sphinx, or the more or less indefinite terms of Pharaohs, Ptolemies, Rameses, Cleopatra—a distant, hazy past, with no link to connect it with the present except the Bible and perhaps some Roman history.

And there the curtain seems to fall. Well-nigh a thousand years passed, during which Europe and Egypt were almost as far apart as if they had been on different planets. There was no contact, though they were such close neighbors, save that of a few individuals who, at exorbitant cost and as quickly and as cautiously as possible, hastened with merchandise across the narrow strip of land separating the Mediterranean Sea from the Far East—those daring agents of Venice, Genoa, and Sicily. And even their contacts with Egypt came to an end with the discovery of the all-sea route to India and China via the Cape of Good Hope; it seemed as if the Red Sea route was to be discarded and Egypt was to be junked.

But within the past century Egypt's importance has been again realized. In the struggle for supremacy between France and England over a hundred years ago Napoleon saw what the control of Egypt would mean to the nation which was to acquire the Indian Empire. Out of Napoleon's wars emerged Mohammed Ali, early in the nineteenth century, who secured for himself and his successors practical independence from Turkey, under the title of "Khedive." Fifty years ago the nations of Europe brought about the opening of the Suez Canal, and at once the control of Egypt became of the utmost strategic importance in that arch of British empire indicated by the names Gibraltar, Malta, Aden, India, Singapore, Hongkong, Australia, and New Zealand. But the keystone of the arch could not readily be dropped into its place. Even the purchase of the majority of the shares of the Suez Canal stock in 1875 did not accomplish it perfectly. In 1882 the rebellion of Arabi Pasha gave opportunity for Great Britain to act and for Lord Cromer to lead in the construction of modern Egypt, through the introduction of every factor for the awakening of the nation politically, economically, intellectually, and socially.

But it was only with the coming of the war in 1914 that the definite step could be taken of making the Suez Canal and Egypt really a British possession, under the name of a protectorate, and the consequent safeguarding of the link between the Occident and Orient. The most important item concerning Egypt to-day is that it has become a vital and strategic factor in the problems pertaining to the great British Empire. What remained of contact with or control by Turkey came to an end when Turkey took her stand with the Central Powers and the Khedive Abbas II was dethroned. That responsibility to Turkey had been for a long time only nominal, consisting of the payment of an annual tribute of some three million dollars and the recognition, in a very formal and superficial way, of "firmans," or confirmations of authority, from Constantinople.

During the war martial law has taken precedence over the normal conduct of state affairs, whereby the ruler of Egypt, now under the title of Sultan instead of Khedive, with a Council of Ministers, forms the Government. The authority of Great Britain is vested in the British Resident, Sir Reginald Wingate, the British adviser of each ministry, and the inspectors of the various departments in the fourteen provinces. Unless the peace negotiations radically alter the situation, Egypt will continue to be entirely separated from Turkey and vitally united with the life of the British Empire.

Egypt is but a small portion of the earth's surface. Its habitable area is only a strip of black soil from five to fifteen miles in width, extending something like a thousand miles southward from the apex of the equilateral triangle, the Delta of the Nile. There almost twelve million human beings are living on an area about one-fourth the size of the State of Ohio.

There are some communities and peoples on earth who in their history seem never to have affected the rest of the world to any great extent for good or evil. This is true not only of those more remotely separated from the centers of the world's activities and civilizations, but often of those who were in closest contact with, and indeed often quite surrounded by, those nations whose life has so much molded the world. One does not wonder that Patagonia or Madagascar or Assam or South Africa has not appeared as a large factor in the world's history. But it is not so easy to account for the apparent absence of real influence extending through centuries from such communities as Montenegro, Afghanistan, or southern Russia. On the other hand, certain communities have repeatedly, if not persistently, shared in the world's movements, and seemed essential in those strategic conquests and contacts of political, social, intellectual, economic, and spiritual life. Among these of the second group, from remotest antiquity until to-day, Egypt has had and does have a prominent place. Even the mention of the names Pharaoh, Alexandria, Saladin, the Abbassides, the Battle of the Pyramids, the Mamelukes, Abukir, suggests world movements politically; while religiously, socially, and otherwise the Book of the Dead, the history of Israel in Egypt, the flight of the Holy Family that prophecy might be fulfilled, the Athanasian Creed, the Catechetical School of Alexandria, its library, and the Neo-Platonists, the development of science and mathematics—all these point to influences which touched the world.

In more recent times, for centuries, and indeed for a thousand years, the city of Cairo has spelled leadership to the Moslem world through the positive and far-reaching influence of the Azhar University, the very intellectual hub of Islamic thought. It has been said that Constantinople has been for centuries the strong right arm of Islam, Mecca its heart, and Cairo its brains.

But with the break with Turkey under Mohammed Ali, almost a century ago; with somewhat progressive and independent Khedives during the past seventy-five years; with the occupation of Egypt by England in 1882, and the consequent freedom of speech and of the press; with security for life and property, and facilities for inquiry through a few modern schools; with the reconstruction of the Government departments and the law courts, Egypt has been forging ahead, as compared with any people from the Balkans to India and from Morocco to Arabia. No part of the Turkish Empire has had more than a fraction of the opportunities or encouragements for inquiry and progress which Egypt has had during the past fifty years especially. The result is that Egypt is the cynosure of all those peoples of North Africa and Southwest Asia. It is again moving into the position of leadership and influence among at least a hundred million people. What Egypt does in matters of reorganization of government along the lines of modern enlightenment, education, railways, irrigation, the introduction of a sound financial basis for the state, banking and insurance, matters of public health and morals, the splendid development of the postal, telegraph, and customs departments, the conservation of natural resources—all these factors and others make the setting of Egypt one of peculiar and striking interest to-day.

Egypt's greatest problem to-day is to know how to cast off the old garments of national and individual life and put on new and modern dress. There is not only a desire to break away from the old inertia of centuries, but even to spring into the activity of a new existence. But the question is, How? Thanks to the wise and conservative methods of the British makers of Egypt and a work carried on during the past sixty years educationally and evangelically by the American Board of Missions, these two strong guiding influences have been supplying a sane and reliable corrective, the value of which is recognized by natives and foreigners alike. And from Egypt to Abyssinia, to the Sudan, Palestine, and Tripoli, radiate influences of leadership which need only to be wisely safeguarded to be of inestimable value. It will mean that what was often a shriveling and devitalizing and depressing former heritage will have to

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hide away with the impact of direct and indirect renaissance.

Industrially and commercially Egypt is entering upon a new era. Ages ago Egypt was the greatest granary available for the Roman Empire. And to-day it remains almost entirely an agricultural country. Cotton, wheat, beans and lentils, sugar-cane, and a variety of food for man and beast annually reward the industry of the *fellah* and the merchant. An excellent system of irrigation, with three great dams at Assiut, Esneh, and Assuan, distributes equitably and efficiently the rich waters of the Nile, which might also be harnessed for other industrial purposes. Within the past fifteen years a number of most productive industrial schools have been established by the Government, and things are moving in the direction of a profitable development of manufacturing within certain limits.

Socially conditions are rapidly changing, especially in the towns and cities. The exclusion of former days is giving way to the influences of schools, newspapers, facility of travel, the "movies," etc. While one finds on every side conditions as they were no doubt a thousand years ago in the daily customs and living of the masses, yet along with these are more or less successful attempts to break away from the old manners and customs. This is conspicuous in the treatment of women, in items of dress, household furnishings, weddings, funerals, etc. One can see indications of protest on the part of both men and women against the centuries-old seclusion of women and their restriction to the harem. Men, frequently accompanied by their whole families, spend an occasional, if not every, summer in Europe if they can afford it, and bring back a desire for greater freedom and accommodation to modern ideals.

A striking feature of the new currents in Egypt to-day is the attitude toward education. Fifty years ago the only education available was that of the *kuttabs* or the Azhar. The former were simple, unsanitary, and unorganized elementary schools where blind sheiks, whose ignorance outside of the rules of Arabic grammar was monumental, taught the rudiments of language and arithmetic. The Azhar was, and is, to the conservative Moslem the *summun bonum*, the ideal educational institution, whose whole curriculum and life and instruction and ideals were archaic, even though its enrollment of students ran above ten thousand. Its students learned exactly what students in the same halls and arcades learned five hundred years ago, which would have nothing of sound science or history in it, but would be sufficient for the orthodox.

But these are giving way to the desire for something modern. It is a slow process. The Government, under the guidance of able British officials, is promoting modern civil service schools; private schools are increasing. The American Board of Missions alone conducts some two hundred schools of the primary and grammar grades, with one college and boarding-school for young men and four for young women. There are some sixteen thousand pupils in these schools conducted by the Mission, of whom some five thousand are girls. The important unit which is lacking from the Mission schools is the college or university for Cairo and the Delta for young men.

Religiously Egypt is also passing through a time of change. The fact that Islam is the only great anti-Christian religious system in the world does not save it from the threatening disintegrating effects of modern means for measuring things by truth and the facts of science and history and the higher standards of life and morals. The spirit of inquiry has been awakened, and this means the discarding, sooner or later, of much of Egypt's heritage from Islam. The Koran and the Traditions, and the mass of sacred literature which has grown up about them, are being sifted and investigated more in Cairo than anywhere else in the Moslem world. The danger is of a wave of rationalism or atheism or agnosticism, as the old passes away, and that the last state may be worse than the first. This calls for all the constructive processes which the best Christian thought can provide.

Let us not lose sight of Egypt's setting referred to above. It is not only that there is such a freedom for and desire of inquiry as has never been before in the land; but it is that there is a strategic leadership available which must profoundly influence the neighboring nations of the Arabic-speaking world, and which may lead them out of their backward state into what the Gospel, through Christian nations, can provide for to-day and for future generations.

ROBERT S. MCCLENAHAN,
President of Assiut College.
Cairo, Egypt.

A PANORAMA OF CENTRAL EUROPE

AN AUTHORIZED INTERVIEW WITH DR. TOMAS G. MASARYK, PRESIDENT OF THE CZECHOSLOVAK REPUBLIC, BY GREGORY MASON, STAFF CORRESPONDENT OF THE OUTLOOK

"THE Germans are far from being beaten," Dr. Tomas G. Masaryk, President of the Czechoslovak Republic, said to me. "They have not been beaten enough. They boast that in a military sense they have not been defeated. Of course the Austrians are not quite so boastful, but even they might have had a little more beating. All the Teutons are still in a mood to make trouble. The Entente must be careful. They have won the war, but they may easily lose the peace."

This typical Czechoslovak point of view was given to me by Dr. Masaryk on the last day of February, when I called at his residence, the old castle of the ancient Kings of Bohemia, in Prague. Dr. Masaryk hardly needs an introduction to American readers. During the war he was in America several months organizing the substantial help which the Czechoslovaks gave the Allies, both on the western and eastern fronts, and also from the heart of the former Austro-Hungarian Empire. He is a straight, spare man of sixty-nine, with a straight nose and a straight, spare way of speaking.

"Another thing that deceives a good many people," said Dr. Masaryk, "is the fact that Germany is a republic. That means absolutely nothing. The same sort of men are still at the head of the Government and the same spirit prevails. After the peace is made the Allies must not relax their vigilance."

"You think that the proposed alliance between Germany and Austria is a dangerous thing, then, do you, Dr. Masaryk?" I asked.

"Certainly," he replied.

"Do you think that we ought to object to it?"

"Well," he replied, slowly, "it is certainly a natural thing for the two national branches of the Teutons to join together, and I do not know as it would be either right or expedient for us to try to prevent it with force. Perhaps the Austrians might be willing to set up an independent republic, and that might be a good thing. But, at any rate, there is a natural and deep-seated antipathy between the South Germans and the North Germans, and we must try to make the most of that. To prevent their union forcefully might only heal the breach between them, while if we let them follow their own wishes the breach may increase."

"Do you think that in such a new Teutonic union the so-called more peace-loving South German character will prevail over the more belligerent character of the North Germans?" I asked, remembering that the Austrian Chancellor of State had said to me that such would be the case.

"I doubt that," answered Dr. Masaryk, quickly. "Certainly Austria and Bavaria together will have a greater influence among the Germanic tribes than they have had before when divided. But the Prussians are by far the most energetic and vigorous of the Teutons. It will be hard to keep them down. While the South Germans are drinking beer and listening to music the North Germans will be planning for another great Empire in which they will want the leadership."

"In the event of another great European war," I suggested, "the Austrians say that you Czechoslovaks will have to

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cast in your lot with them and the other Germans, so close are the economic connections between you and them."

"There is some truth, of course, in that statement of the nature of our economic relations," he replied, "but no truth in the rest of what the Austrians say. It is just there, however, that we look to the Entente." (Like many other statesmen in Europe, Dr. Masaryk seems habitually to use the term Entente in preference to the term Allies to designate Germany's recent enemies. This, of course, is because the Central Powers were wont to speak of themselves as "allies.")

"It is to strengthen us against possible aggression from the Teutonic union, which will embrace us on three sides," continued the President of the Czechs and the Slovaks, "that we want to promote a close alliance between ourselves and the Jugoslavs, the Rumanians, Russians, and Poles. The Entente can help us a good deal in this if it will. We would like, as you know, to build a corridor from our southern boundary, south of Pressburg, to the northern boundary of the Jugoslavs, near Varazdin. In this strip of territory the majority of the people are Germans, but there are strong Croatian and Slovene minorities. It depends on the Entente, and especially on America, whether we can have that corridor or not."

"What do you think, Dr. Masaryk, of the statement which the Austrian Chancellor made to me, that if, in the event of the failure of the League of Nations, a new European war should break out, the Teutons might have as their allies a strong Russia and Japan?"

"I do not believe that is likely," he said, warmly, his tone reflecting emotion for the first time. President Masaryk is a fine type of the intellectual man, but, like another good example of that type, President Wilson, he does not wear his heart on his sleeve.

"We hope," continued the President, "indeed we think, that we can keep Russia as a friend of ourselves and of the Allies. Japan would hardly follow a weak Russia, even if Japan would desert her present allies, as the Austrians suggest, which I doubt very much. The Japanese have a strong sense of honor, even if the Germans do not know it. Whether Russia will again become strong or not is a question, but I hope we can keep a strong Russia on our side.

"The Poles are the natural allies for us Czechoslovaks. We hope to make with them a wall between the Germans and the Russians which will shield the latter from the former. Just at present, unfortunately, the Poles seem to be overlooking the great interests which they have in common with us, and are acting toward us unfairly in the matter of Silesia, where they have occupied disputed territory in the Teschen coal-fields district. There are not more than about one hundred and fifty thousand Poles living in the territory in dispute, and over this small population they are risking the growth of bad feeling between them and us.

"If the Poles become our allies, as we hope they will," continued Dr. Masaryk, "the Germans would not have much contact with the Russians. The Allies must do something about Russia. I confess that it is difficult to know what to do, but at least one ought to have a policy, and since the beginning of the Russian trouble the Entente has not even had a policy toward Russia."

I asked Dr. Masaryk as to what the Czechs intended to do about their army in Russia.

"We intend to get our soldiers out as soon as possible," replied the President. "There are about fifty thousand of them there in good organization, and perhaps more than fifty thousand others, registered but not fully equipped, who offered themselves for our cause. The poor fellows are not at all comfortable in that miserable country."

"Are you afraid of any trouble from the German people who occupy the strip of your country on the northwest border?" I asked.

"No; the Germans lie about that, as about everything. It is true that in some districts the Germans are in a majority. But we must look after our minorities there, a million Czechs in all. The Germans say that for us to take back our historic boundaries is to violate the principle of the self-determination of peoples, and again they lie. All that country is really Czech, but the Germans have temporarily Germanized it by suppressing our language in the schools and by discriminating against the Czechs in various ways. After we have had that country for twenty years you will find the majority of the people are truly Czech throughout the whole of it."

I asked Dr. Masaryk for his opinion of the future of the Hungarian people, who at present are surrounded by unfriendly nations.

"Certainly Hungary is in an unenviable position," said the statesman who was a pedagogue before the war. "Practically there are only two courses open to her. She must join again with the Austrians or she must make a friend of us by approaching us in a conciliatory spirit."

"Which do you think she will do?"

"It is hard to say; but just now there seems to be on foot a movement to renew the old alliance between Budapest and Vienna. Of course the Hungarians and the Viennese do not like each other at all, but they are in the same fix, and perhaps they will hang together. Hungary knows she will have to be thoroughly in earnest to get any sympathy from us, on the other hand, for we know her too well. The attempt of the Magyars to Magyarize the Slovaks was most harshly carried out, and we do not forget. But certainly, for economic reasons, if for no other, Hungary will have to make a friend somewhere."

"What do you think about the proposal to lower economic barriers between nations as part of the programme for the League of Nations, Dr. Masaryk?"

"We ought to move in that direction. As for myself, I believe in free trade, and would like to see it everywhere. But in this it is possible to go too fast. As I understand it, President Wilson is not committed to free trade, and I feel somewhat as he does. That is a good goal to have in view, but we must not move too fast or we will stumble over our own feet."

President Masaryk stood up and waved a hand over a map of Europe spread on a table before him. "It is hard for you Americans to appreciate the situation of Europe," said he; "you are so free from the racial and economic barriers which hedge us about on every side." (He drew a line with his finger from Prague to Paris.) "For a man to make this journey," he continued, "is for him to go much farther than from New York to San Francisco, although the distance is only one-sixth as great. When you cross from New York to New Jersey or Ohio, you are not sensible of the boundary at all. It means nothing to you. Maryland is not jealous of Michigan. You do not know how lucky you are in your position. Here boundaries are terribly vital things, and how many boundaries there are! A United States of Europe is a fine ideal, but I'm afraid it is still a long way off. Your President has helped us toward it, you have all helped us; but even yet you probably do not realize all the difficulties. As between the men who will hear of nothing but the League of Nations and the men who want to fall back again on the 'Balance of Power' is there not some middle ground? We ought to have a League of Nations, I am sure, but I am certain that we free peoples who fought together in the recent war cannot afford to forget the 'Balance of Power.' We cannot afford yet to let Germany outweigh us in those scales. The character of a people does not change in one night. You cannot go to sleep one evening a confirmed autocrat and imperialist and wake up the next morning a sincere democrat. So, unless we can believe that Germany has accomplished this miracle, we must keep some of the strong points of the 'Balance of Power' when we make our League of Nations.

"We must not forget, too, as I have said before, that inasmuch as we have won this war we must make sure to win this peace. The Teutons are crying now that they cannot pay our indemnity. No doubt they are in an unpleasant economic position, Austria especially, but they can pay. We do not ask them to pay all at once. They are just as able to pay by degrees as France was able to pay by degrees after the Franco-Prussian War."

I asked Dr. Masaryk how he accounted for the remarkable social and industrial calm of Bohemia, when all around her at present there are revolutions and Bolshevism.

"There are two salient reasons why we have escaped Bolshevism till now," he replied. "The first is that industry and agriculture are evenly balanced in our country. As you came to Prague you

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must have noticed how factories alternate with farms, how in many cases factory chimneys rise from an orchard of fruit trees. This even balance and close juxtaposition of the agricultural and industrial population gives each a better understanding of the other, and makes the people as a whole more patriotic and more intelligent.

"The second reason for the present calmness of our population is the high degree of education among our people. In Bohemia we have only about one and one-half per cent of illiterates among our population.

"Bolshevists have poured into our country from Germany, Austria, Hungary, Russia, and Poland and have bombarded our people with propaganda. So far our people have withstood them bravely. You Americans can help us in this more than in anything else. You are beginning to send us food. Send us more. Mr. Hoover can do more to defeat Bolshevism than any man living. Men with well-filled stomachs will never enlist with Trotsky."

Through the window behind Dr. Masaryk I could see across the valley a church with those cupolas like upturned beets which one never forgets who has been to Russia. "What do you think the Allies ought to do about Russia, Dr. Masaryk?" I asked.

His always thoughtful face grew more rigid. He half turned in his chair, and his eyes too seemed to look across to the opposite hill and rest on that symbol of Russia, fantastic and beautiful.

"A man who could answer that question justly would perhaps be the biggest statesman of his time," said the Czech leader slowly, just the tremor of a smile breaking the seriousness of his face. "I think the biggest problem for the Allies is Russia. We must do something, but what? Yet we must do something; we cannot let Russia drift any longer. In my opinion, we must intervene justly, consistently, and decisively. However, that is only my opinion. But it is self-evident that we must make up our minds to do something. The greatest need of the Allies is a policy toward Russia."

Dr. Masaryk shook hands with me. As I went out I passed a delegation of Czechs from Silesia, who were entering to report on the conflict between the Poles and the Czechs in the Teschen region. Intervention in Russia may be one task for the Allies; friendly intervention between the Czechs and Poles to secure a just and amicable settlement of the controversy between these two nations may be necessary also before there is calm in all Slavdom.

Prague, March 1, 1919.

ARTHUR McQUAID, AMERICAN[1]

A PSYCHOLOGICAL EPISODE

BY HERMAN SCHNEIDER

O-HO! Ye've been fightin', McTague. I can tell by the way ye sidle in with yer tail droopin' in an innocence that proclaims yer guilt. And the shame of the wrong-doer is in the shift of yer eyes. Ye got licked. I'll warrant ye're humbled more in yer pride than in yer conscience. Aye, many a penitent sinner goes seekin' solace for his soul when what he wants is salve for his vanity.

There now, ye needn't go slinkin' behind the stove, laddie. Come and put yer head on me apron and tell me in yer doleful dog talk the wrongs that ye've suffered. Was it Jack Bonner's bulldog? It was, then. And he set upon ye unawares, while ye were farin' forth in high duty to chase the auld fox? Aye, so he did, so he did. 'Twas no fair, McTague, 'twas no fair. He was born and raised, no doubt, in the wilds o' Connemara, and so he's pairverse and calculatin'. He saw ye trottin' along peaceful and proper, like the good American ye are; and, makin' sure none of yer friends were hard by, he leaped on ye from behind. Aye, that's right, laddie, pour out your woes. Yer fut! He hurt yer fut! So he did, so he did. He'll come to a bad end. Ye'll mind the wise man says, "The pairverseness of transgressors shall destroy them." Aye, and ye'll recall the dominie preached last Sabbath day on cleanliness and godliness; and see now, the shop's no tidy. So get ye down, laddie, and we'll redd up the place and put everything in good Presbyterian order for the Sabbath day. So.

Here's the dominie's shoes, worn down at the heel. Ye'll note he tramps fairmly, McTague, as a man of God should. And his boots have heft and substance, befitting an ambassador of the Lord. Aye, and here's Elder McCroly's. I'll no say a waird against an elder o' the kirk, but there's no denyin' he's a hard man. When the Presbyterian doctrine goes to a man's liver instead o' to his heart, McTague, his soul doesna bloom like the rose o' Sharon. He's a cactus like the one in the front yard there, that the dominie told me flowers once in a hundred years. But the span of a man's life is threescore and ten. Ye'll note by the shape of his shoes he toes in. 'Tis no seemly for an elder o' the kirk. Can ye imagine an elder of Israel toein' in? Ye cannot. And he has a stubby fut, laddie. Aye, he's a stubby cactus of a man, and 'tis no a wairk of the heart, but of the hands alone, to mend his boots. But I'll no say a waird against an elder o' the kirk. I'll mend them airly Monday mornin' when the bairds are singin' and the dew is sparklin'—but not if it's rainin' and foggy. And I'll give the price of the mendin' to the Lord next Sabbath day. A man should eat only from the wairk of his heart. A cactus of a man!

Where's the almanac? March, April, May—'twill be new moon come Thursday week, and Tillie Smith'll be waltzin' in, arrayed like the Queen of Sheba, for these shoes. Ye don't know what to make of Tillie, do ye, McTague? Well, no more do I. When she comes dancin' gravely along, mindful to keep step with the partner she thinks is with her and makin' him a deep curtsey now an' then, ye get behind the stove barkin' in a dog whisper like ye didn't mean it and waggin' yer tail the same. Ye like her playful fancy, but ye keep yer eye on the two big stones she carries in her hands to hurl at the children that plague her. Yer tail whisks to and fro at the wild flowers she's bedecked with and at the song she sings over and over about her true love; but yer head growls at the unhuman soul that hides behind the mask of her girl's face and leers at ye now and then out of the bottomless pools of her black eyes.

Elder McCroly doesna like her either. Ye'll mind how in the dusk of a moonlight night she capers up and down the backbone of the big dirt bank from the auld mines, takin' up some stones and prancin' down for more till she has a ring o' them. Then she sits in the middle o' the ring and sings the night long about her true love, till the sun comes up and she hops and skips to the woods for more wild flowers. Well, laddie, one night Elder McCroly's spirit was overborne wi' a toothache in the auld snaggle tooth that's no an ornament to a face that saves him from the sin of vanity. Sleep forsook him and the singin' of the lass kept time to the tampin' of his tooth, till he was maddened beyond the bounds of reason and went forth to drive the lass away. And as he scrambled up the side of the bank, raspin' to the lass to be off home with her, she hurled a stone at him, all the time hummin' about her true love; it smote him in the mouth and bereft him of three good teeth, but not the offendin' one. And as he turned and fled she hurled more at him. Aye, King David would have gloried in her skill. The dominie lived too far away to hear the thoughts Elder McCroly uttered. But Father Nolan haird.

"Far be it from me," says he to the dominie next day, tellin' him about it, "to find fault wi' the fruits o' thought which spring from heterodox seeds planted in stony ground. I'm thinkin', though, that after ye come back from comfortin' him ye'll be readin' the Book o' Job to cheer ye up, or the Lamentations of Jeremiah."

After that when Elder McCroly saw

[1] Other Arthur McQuaid stories have appeared in The Outlook for May 23 and August 22, 1917, and for January 23 and July 10, 1918.—The Editors.

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her comin' he passed by on the other side, for the outlandish spirit that hid within her rose in fury when the Elder was nigh. Even betwixt moontimes, when the spirit slept and Tillie walked as one with all her senses sealed, havin' no care for her raiment or her food, and bearin' any burden o' wairk like a broken outcast, the spirit would rouse her from her slovenly stupor and cause her to rend the day with cries of anguish that froze yer blood the moment her eyes touched the warped wee body of Elder McCroly. 'Twas as if every spine of his soul were prickin' the spirit within her. And if she saw him in moontime she kept on singin' about her true love and hurled stones at him mightily. A cactus of a man!

But her spirit gave her peace when Annie Carson was by. Annie Carson. Elder McCroly could no abide Annie at all. Do ye mind the time, McTague, that he was detairmined his daughter Maggie should be the Goddess of Liberty in the tableau at the Grand Army Camp-Fire? Aye, ye do. Ye were there, and ye gave voice to the honest indignation of yer heart, as I did meself. Now ye'll recall, McTague, I didna say a waird the time Elder McCroly was fairm and fixed that Maggie should be Rebekah at the Well when the Ladies' Aid contrived a social to buy a new stove for the manse. The Good Book doesna dwell on the graces of Rebekah. But it is written that she was fair to look upon; so I'm bold in the belief that she wasna cross-eyed, and red like me shirt in countenance, with her mouth a forbiddin' and a forebodin' line, and the form of her square and squat like Elder McCroly himself. And, besides, 'twas no affair of mine, bein' a women's what-not; and ye'll mind the wise man says, "He that passeth by, and meddleth with strife belonging not to him, is like one that taketh a dog by the ears." And the stove was past mendin', ye'll recall, McTague.

I held my tongue again when the price of peace in the congregation was that Maggie McCroly should be Queen Esther in the cantata. The Scriptures leave no doubt as to the comeliness of Queen Esther; but even her loveliness would no have saved her from the wrath of King Ahasuerus had she sung to him off the chune, as Maggie McCroly did. But when Elder McCroly affairmed at the Grand Army meetin' that Maggie would be Liberty in the tableau, consternation filled me heart and the whole of me rose in indignation.

"'Tis all settled," he said, scratchin' the back of his hand on his stub of a beard. "She'll wear the dress she had for Rebekah at the Well and Queen Esther; and the wife has a new orange ribbon to set off the lass's head."

"Orange!" cried Paddy McGuire; but me own voice prevailed.

"Ye'll no deck Liberty out like a gypsy queen," I said, "and there's a fitness of face and form ye'll no detairmine lightly."

"When I picked my Maggie," he replied, bristlin', "'twas no light detairmination."

They all made merry save Robert McAndrew, who's like Elder McCroly; there's no rosiness within him to rejoice at a chance ray of lightness.

But Robert gathers a man's wairds slowly one by one and weighs them fairly. And when the laughter was spent he fixed his brows at Elder McCroly and said, "Ye hit it right, Elder."

They all made merry again, and ye'll mind ye barked so, McTague, that Elder McCroly bade ye be quiet.

"Mayhap ye know some one, Arthur McQuaid," he said, and his snaggle tooth fair shook in rage at me, "that would make a better Goddess of Liberty than Maggie McCroly."

"That I do," I answered him, promptly. "There's Annie Carson."

"Annie Carson!" he cried. "Annie Carson! A triflin' wench of ribbons and frivolity, a mocker. She's been here but six months, and who can tell who she is and what she is? And who's her father, I'd like to know, that goes snoopin' around the woods every day and the Sabbath too! Have ye forgotten, Arthur McQuaid, that it is written in the fourth vairse of the Twenty-sixth Chapter of Proverbs, 'As snow in summer, and as rain in harvest, so honor is not seemly for a fool'!"

"Ye're wrong, Elder McCroly," I answered him. "That's the fairst vairse. But I'm glad ye minded me of the fourth vairse, for it says, 'Answer not a fool according to his folly, lest thou also be like unto him.' And the fifth vairse, ye'll mind, says, 'Answer a fool according to his folly, lest he be wise in his own conceit.' That I will. So gird up yer loins like a man, Elder McCroly, for I'll be no lardy in me language.

"Ye came from County Down, as I did meself; and ye came because the sweat of yer brow left not the song of substance in yer heart. Aye, like meself, ye sighed with an emptiness unappeased. And see now: ye're an elder o' the kirk and a man of property, with plush furniture and a carpet o' many colors in the parlor. Aye, yer gain has no broken ye in body at that, for ye've made petition five times for a pension, and the doctor, tryin' his best, could no find a thing wrong in ye, yer cough bein' unconvincin' and yer limp uncairtain as to which of yer legs was afflicted. And ye came home from the county seat each time filled with fury, instead o' praisin' the Lord that he set ye down in a land where a man could wax auld both in strength and in substance. And the thing I'd have ye note, Elder McCroly, is that ye're blessed with strength and substance by no valiant vairtue of yer own, but because ye live where Liberty abides.

"An orange ribbon! A green ribbon! A gypsy gown of all the passions that plagued and pounded the poor of a thousand years! So ye'd embellish Liberty! Ye'd fasten to her the fetters she took from ye. Ye'd bring back the lightning and the hail ere ever the rumble of the thunder has died away behind ye!"

So I answered him, ye'll recall, McTague, and much more. And when I made an end of speakin' Paddy McGuire and Jake Schwenck and all those who haird nodded their heads. But Elder McCroly hardened his neck and spat. He arose, humped and toein' in like a mad auld cat, and departed consumin' himself.

Aye, and in a moment the still night was transfixed with the agonized moan of one terrorized beyond utterance. The Elder, with all his spines bristlin', had met Tillie Smith. A cactus of a man!

See, McTague, there's Annie Carson's shoes all wrapped up as when she brought them in the next mornin' after the Grand Army meetin'; 'twas four years ago come the middle of August. Ye'll mind ye were here, McTague, for ye made a great to-do about her and she made a great to-do about yerself; and she put the shoes, all tied up tight like ye see them, on the shelf, tellin' me to be in no haste to mend them, she'd be gone away for a while; and then she leaned down and caught yer head betwixt both her hands and told ye what a fine honest dog ye were and the two of us ought to die together when our time comes, which, ye'll note, was a queer sayin' for a lass. And ye told her a lot yerself in yer dog talk, McTague. I could fair hear ye pourin' out to her the honest feelin's of yer heart—how she was a fine lassie and a good one, no matter what the hintin' questions were that passed over the back fences; and ye'd no judge her even if she never went to the kirk, any more than ye'd judge some that went. The whole of yer feelin's stirred yer voice when ye laid yerself at her feet and looked up at her with yer ears alert and told her what ye thought of her.

Ye'll mind she turned to me and asked, "What is he sayin', Mr. Shoemaker?"

"He's sayin'," I answered, "that yer lightness with weighty things hides a yearnin' ye can no define yerself, while yer ribbons and colors are a brightness ye buy to cover a solemnness ye'd conceal. Aye, and he's tellin' ye that beyond the scoffin' ripple of yer laughter, the challengin' flash of yer eye, and the saucy perk of yer head he sees yer fear that an eye which wouldna understand will get a glimpse of the real heart of ye. Yer bashful of its overwhelmin' love for the things that gold cannot buy. That's what he's sayin'. He's a discairnin' dog, is McTague."

Ye'll mind she rose slowly from pettin' ye and looked at me. Then she went limp in the chair yonder, and ye nosed yer head under the hands that lay idle in her lap.

"How do ye know?" she asked after a while.

"I know every waird he says," I answered; "don't I, McTague?" And ye barked. Aye—like that ye barked.

"But how does *he* know?" she said, payin' no heed at all to yer nosin' and pawin'.

"He has beheld ye with yer mask off—as it's off now—gazin' at a lordly sunset," I answered her. "And he could fair see yer heart was chokin' ye and the two hands that pressed yer cheeks were achin'

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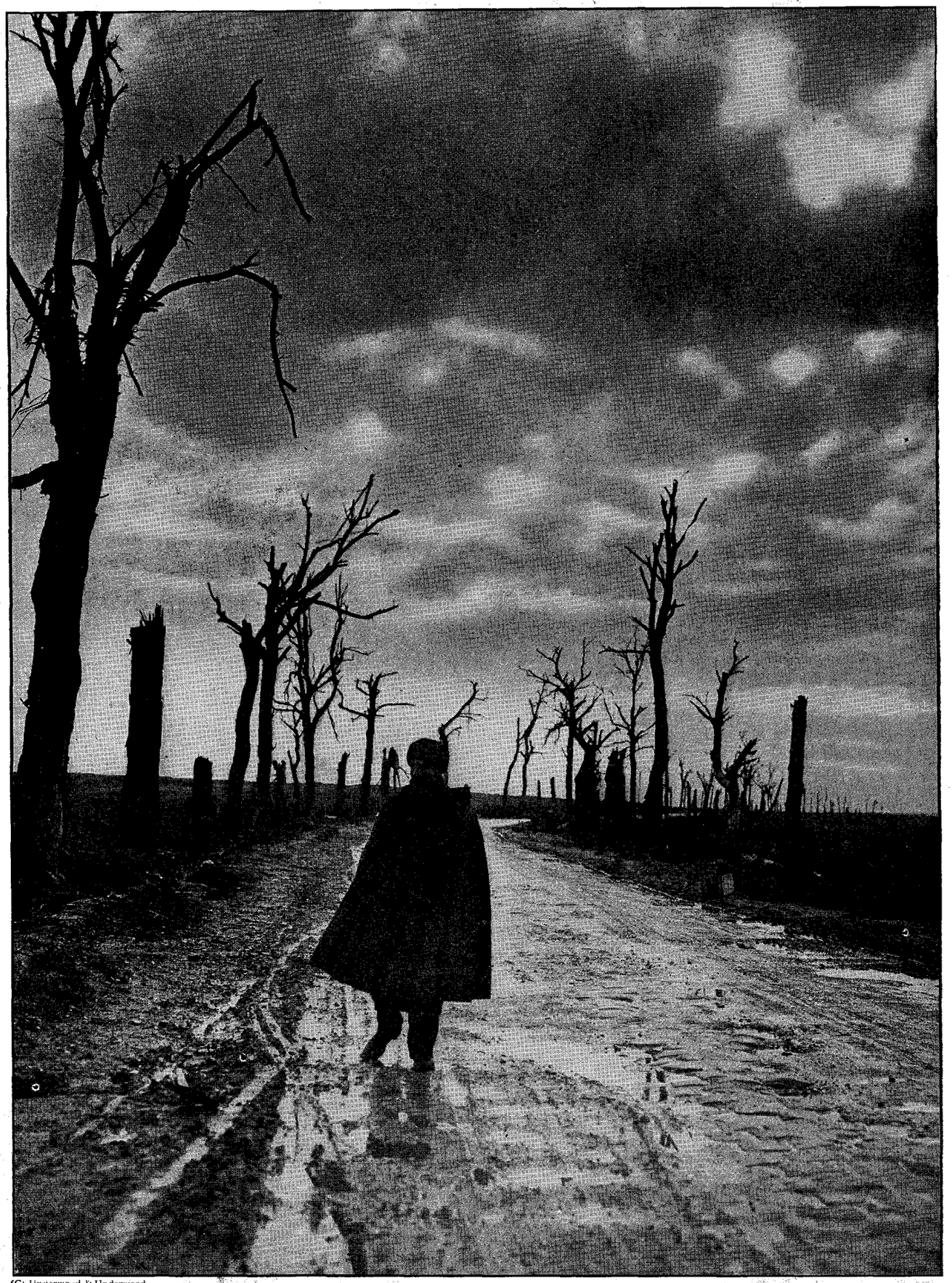

(C) Underwood & Underwood

AN ARGUMENT FOR REPARATION IN FRANCE—A TYPICAL SCENE OF DESOLATION IN THE INVADED TERRITORY

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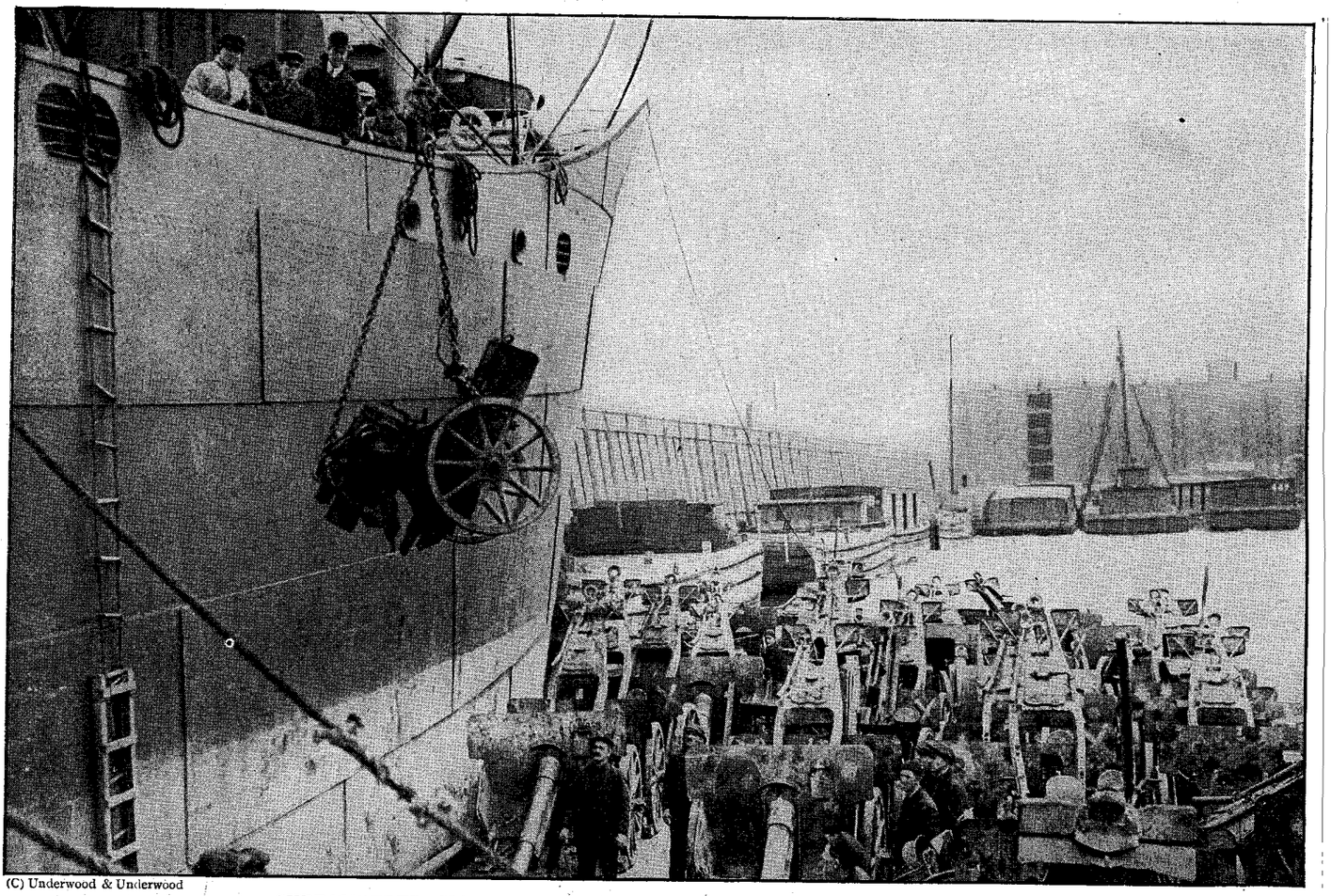
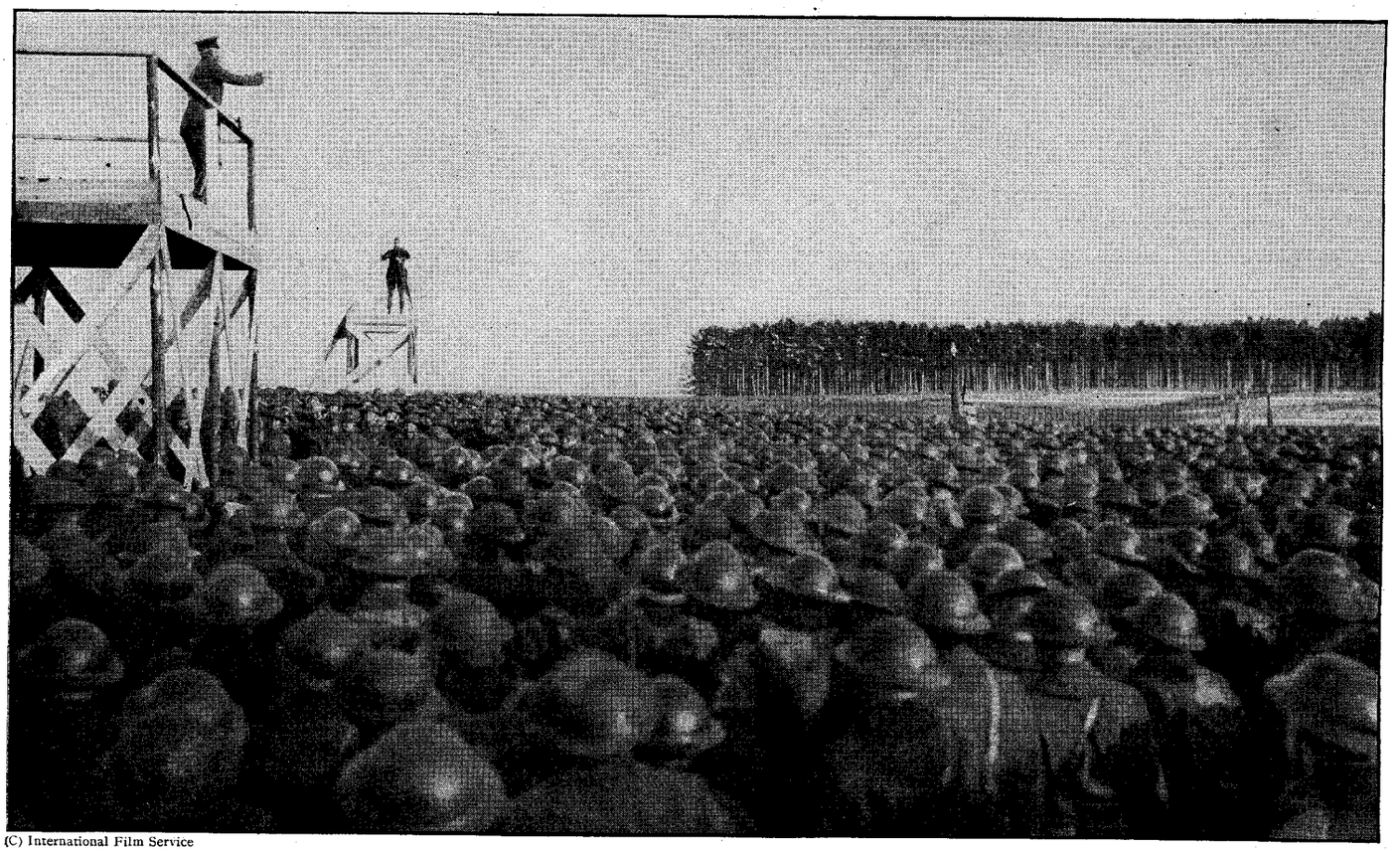


(C) Underwood & Underwood

SURRENDERED GERMAN GUNS COME TO AMERICA TO AID VICTORY LOAN

Seventy-nine German cannon, which were surrendered under the armistice terms, recently arrived in New York on the transport Westboro. They will be distributed among different cities to stir interest in the coming Victory Loan. Some of the "Little Lenas," smaller sisters of the "Big Berthas," are shown in the picture as they are being transferred to a lighter



(C) International Film Service

GENERAL PERSHING ADDRESSING TROOPS OF THE FOURTH DIVISION IN FRANCE

"Close-ups" without number have been taken of General Pershing; this is one of the few pictures that show him speaking to a large body of American soldiers

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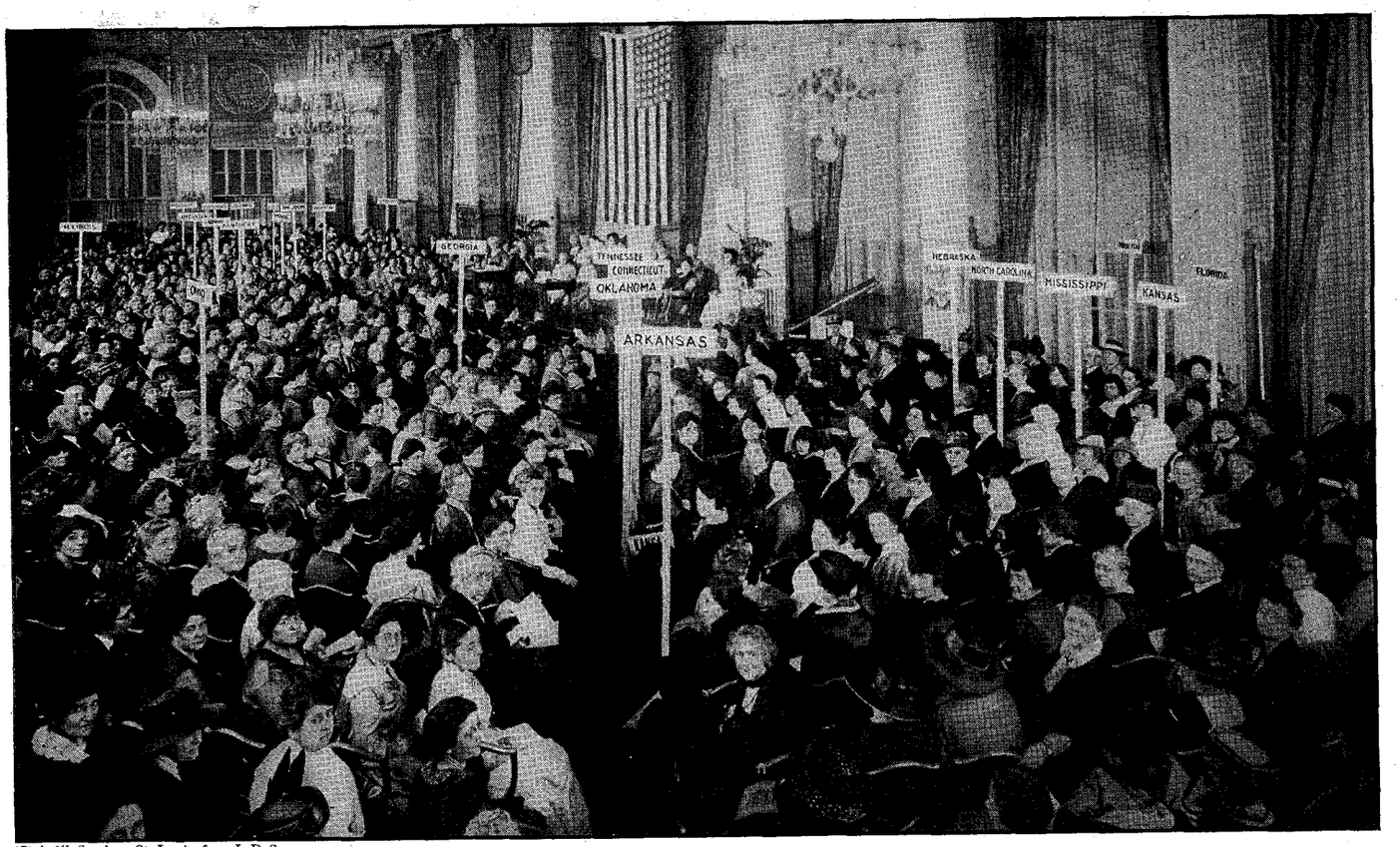

(C) A. W. Sanders, St. Louis, from I. F. S.

NATIONAL CONVENTION OF WOMAN SUFFRAGISTS IN SESSION IN ST. LOUIS

Every State in the Union was, it is reported, represented in this gathering. Seated on the platform are many prominent woman suffragists, among whom (at the table in background, near flag) are Dr. Anna Howard Shaw and Mrs. Carrie Chapman Catt

U. S. Official Photograph, from Paul Thompson

A CLASS OF NATURALIZED AMERICAN SOLDIERS LEARNING ENGLISH

The Americanization of foreign-born residents of America should certainly begin with our military defenders; a group of these men hard at work learning the language of the United States as one step in their complete Americanization is here shown

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(C) Marceau, N. Y., from M. E. Berner

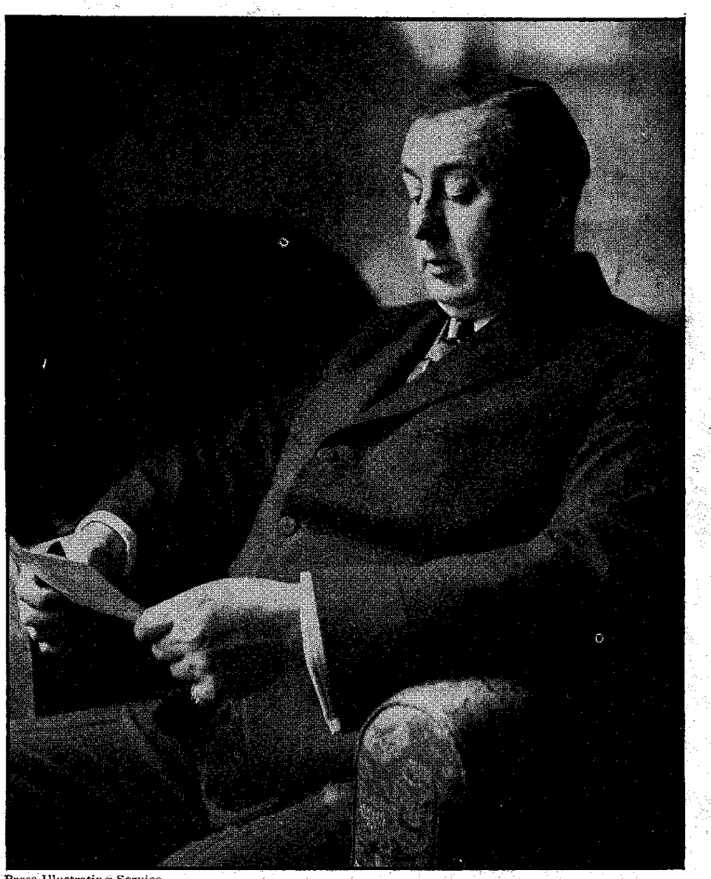
MAJOR-GENERAL JOHN F. O'RYAN, OF THE U. S. ARMY

General O'Ryan, who recently returned from France with the victorious Twenty-seventh Division, was born in New York City in 1874; practiced law; enlisted in National Guard 1897; and became Major-General in 1917

Bain News Service

DR. ALICE HAMILTON, OF THE HARVARD MEDICAL SCHOOL

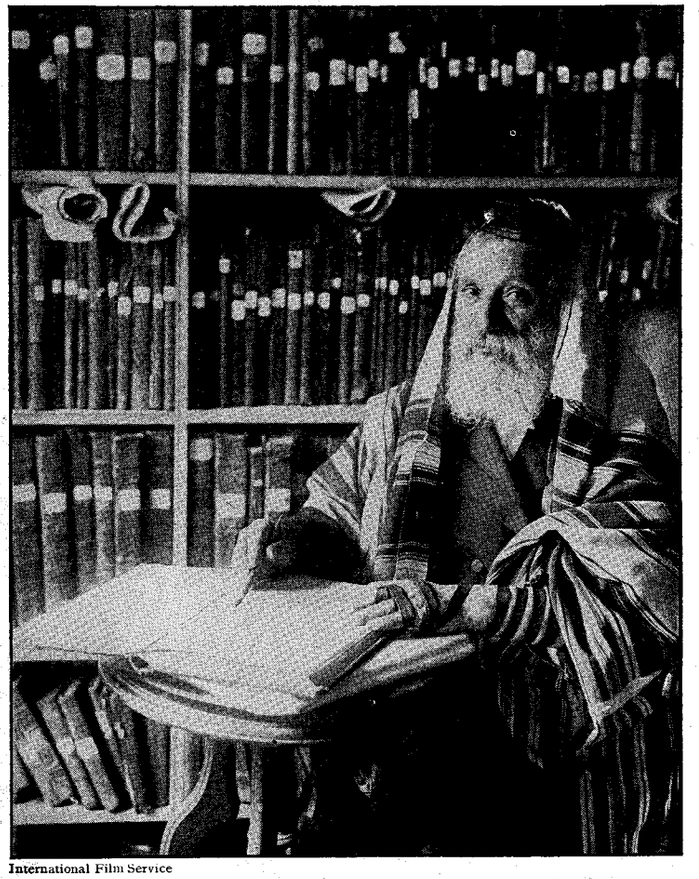
Dr. Hamilton has been appointed Assistant Professor of Industrial Medicine in the Harvard Medical School, and is said to be the first woman to hold such a position in Harvard. She is widely known as a bacteriologist



Press Illustrating Service

WILLIAM HALE THOMPSON, MAYOR OF CHICAGO

Mr. Thompson was recently re-elected to the office of Mayor, after an exciting contest. He was born in Boston in 1869. See editorial comment on the election in Chicago and its implications



International Film Service

A DISTINGUISHED RABBI OF THE OLD SCHOOL

Dr. Abraham Yudelovitch, of New York City, was recently elected Chief Rabbi of the "Orthodox Congregations" of America, a body comprising more than two hundred congregations of the Jewish faith in the United States and Canada

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to reach out and grasp—what did ye want to grasp, Annie Carson?" I asked her.

But she just looked at me.

"And when McTague barked a greetin' and ye turned, tears bedimmed yer eyes. Ye winked them away and laughed to me that ye were figurin' how Maggie McCroly could use all the colors that crested the sun as the Queen of Sheba. But that was banter to hide yer heart.

"Aye, and ye'll mind the time," I went on, "that Sim Hughes was hurt in the mines. Sim's wife is a hurricane with a tongue of lightnin', and she has struck ye often, Annie Carson. Ye walked straight by that day swingin' a rose, and ye didna join the crowd that stood around when the Black Maria backed up to the house bearin' poor Sim. I went to the woods meself a bit after to have a waird o' prayer, and McTague saw ye there in a heap, weepin'; and ye leaped up suddenly and stretched yer arms as high as ye could on the trunk of an ancient pine tree, tryin' to grasp—what were ye tryin' to grasp, Annie Carson?"

But ye'll mind, McTague, she just kept on lookin' at me. And I told her how she took cover in laughter when she haird ye bark, laddie, and smiled to us that she was tryin' to reach for some pine needles for Elder McCroly to put in his beard where the stone that Tillie Smith hurled left a barren place.

And it was in me heart to tell her how we saw her leavin' a basket softly that night at the door of Sim's house; and of the time her own tongue was unbridled at Mose Hontz when he shot the thrush wantonly, in the pride of his skill, as it was singin' its evensong in the top of a tree; and how, as he went away unabashed, ye saw her drop from the height of her anger to a crumpled, cryin', pityin' child.

Aye, a multitude of things were tumblin' to the tip o' me tongue to tell her, but they scattered like chaff in a whairlwind. For the mainspring of the mornin' was shivered and shattered by the chokin' cry of Tillie Smith. 'Twas as if the cry itself feared to come forth.

I looked and beheld her standin' petrified in the street, her sunbonnet hangin' back by the strings and her graven face smudged wi' dirt. The lumps o' coal from the two buckets she was carryin' home from the mines were spilled all about, and her two hands were strainin' to clutch at them, but her knees couldna bend for fright. And over against her Elder McCroly jutted out his chin.

Ye'll mind, McTague, ye were too scared to bark—aye, ye were that—and ye snuggled close to Annie Carson. But she paid no heed to ye. She kept lookin' at me. And the tick of time was halted.

I wished for the dominie or Father Nolan, both bein' lairned consairnin' evil spirits. Then I said to Annie Carson: "Ye have favor with the lass. Will ye no take her home and still her torments?"

After a space she answered me in a low voice, "No."

"Have ye no heart?" I asked, upbraidin' her.

"Ye've just said I have overmuch," she answered me.

I looked again, and Elder McCroly began inchin' backward. Tillie's face was blank like carved stone, but the spirit within her sundered the silence with a throaty shriek, and Elder McCroly stood still wettin' his lips. Ye ran behind the stove, ye'll recall, McTague. Aye, ye did too.

"Can ye intairpret the meanin' of it, Annie Carson?" I asked. "What stirs the spirit in her?"

"The devil in Elder McCroly," she answered.

I was fair taken aback, McTague. There she sat lookin' at me, calm as the sky above, and never once turnin' to look at Tillie and the Elder. Aye, peace descended upon her and she gave a sigh of contentment.

The devil in Elder McCroly!

"Ye were sairchin' me heart, Mr. Shoemaker," she said, "and siftin' the secrets of me soul. I need it. I need it. Go on."

"Can ye no hear that the spirit of Tillie is breakin' her in pieces?" I answered, for the strain of the unairthly struggle twixt the two was piercin' me. "Will ye no speak to her?"

"No," she answered; "but I'll speak to Elder McCroly, and cast out his devil too, if ye like."

"Do it, then," I said to her in desperation.

And she did speak to him. Man dear, but she did! McTague, the dominie gave me one Christmas a book containin' the great orations of the wairld. 'Tis the vanity of man that men made all of them; for I'm fairm in the conviction that the wairds of a wrought-up woman can strike surer and sink deeper and scale the subject up and down again quicker than could even the prophet Jeremiah.

There be three slumberin' sounds, McTague, that mind me of daggers; aye, and a fourth that warns the wise: the purrin' of a cat, the buzzin' of a bee, the rumble of a distant storm, and the crackle of fire at night. All of them brooded in the voice of Annie Carson. Ye'll mind, laddie, courage returned to ye and ye busied up beside her and added a bit of a blusterin' wee bark to the sword play of her wairds, as she stood erect in the doorway there, her hands clasped lightly behind her and her eyes flashin' out righteous reproach. Man alive, but she'd have made a wonderful Goddess of Liberty in the tableau!

"Come you here beside me, Tillie," she said, and the lass obeyed. "Stand where ye are, Elder McCroly, and listen to me. 'Twill do ye no good to depart, for Tillie can run faster than ye can yerself, and ye're well aware she can hurl a stone straight. So hear me through. God made both of ye. He gave Tillie but one window to look out upon the wairld, but in his mairey he made it look upon a lover and moonlight and wild flowers. There is naught else in the whole airth to her; neither rain nor sunshine, day nor night, father nor mother, summer nor winter, past nor future, life nor death, games nor toys, hearth nor home, good nor evil—nothin', Elder McCroly, but one window lookin' out at moontime on a lover and wild flowers. She doesna comprehend a waird I'm sayin' to ye now. Her mother has told me she lairned to speak as a bairn only in moontime; and then only the wairds of the things her window looked upon; and her cries could be stilled by naught but a flower. Betwixt moontimes she neither cried nor spoke.

"Count now, if ye can, Elder McCroly, the windows that the Lord in his great bounty gave ye to look out upon the wairld. Can ye name a pleasin' prospect that he denied ye in yer childhood, or one that he took away from ye in yer after years? Ye cannot. But tell me, Elder McCroly, what is the outlook ye have now upon the wairld, and how many windows have ye bricked up by yer own growin' selfishness? Aye, ye've but one or two out of a multitude left open, and through them ye can see naught but the things that add to yer possessions or yer vanity; a little while, and ye'll be a miser in a dark house hoardin' nothin' but yerself.

"Ye fought in the war, Elder McCroly, and they say ye fought well. Ye know what the war meant, for ye've haird the shoemaker tell, as I have. His windows are all open, and he has opened many to me when I have sat behind a tree listenin' to him talk to God at his altar down in the pines. Ye fought so that there would be a land on the airth where a man could keep wide open the windows the Lord gave him and gain enough substance to enjoy them all. The shoemaker opened that window for me, too. But the greed that has cursed all the lands we fled from gripped ye, and yer windows closed one by one. Ye'll mind, Elder McCroly, ye've chided me for no goin' to the kirk, but I've haird the Bible says, 'Whoso saveth his life shall lose it.' Ye've lost the better part of yours, Elder McCroly.

"One day ye came home from the county seat denied a pension. Fury possessed ye, and in yer tantrum ye went to the woods and stamped the good ground beneath yer feet. It was moontime, and ye stamped where Tillie gathers her wild flowers. She came upon ye in yer rage, and, lookin' out of her one window, she saw ye utterly destroy her whole wairld. So when ye come nigh her she knows ye only as a ragin' thing that desolates all there is under the sun; and the spirit within her cringes and cries in terror of ye. Aye, ye're a sharp, shrewd, graspin', rebellious man, and desolation stalks behind yer kind. Open wide yer portals, Elder McCroly, and let yer devil out.

"Now go yer way; Tillie will no harm ye. She has faith in me, for I was there the day ye laid waste her whole creation, and I led her to another bower of wild flowers."

Then lookin' at Tillie, she motioned to her to pick up the coal, glanced at the Elder startin' up the street like a cat walkin' in the dew, and strode off to the

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woods; and that's the last I ever saw or haird of her.

There, the shop's all tidy for the Sabbath, and now I'll put some mutton tallow on me boots. Mairey on us, McTague! We're gettin' auld. See now, Annie Carson's shoes have been wrapped up these four years, and I've no put mutton tallow on them once. They'll be hard and cracked.

Look ye, now! 'Tis not shoes at all, but the Psalms of David wi' grand print and pictures! And here's a writin'. "Mr. Shoemaker," it says, "read the thaird vairse of the One Hundred and Thirty-eighth Psalm." That's the vairse that says, laddie, "In the day when I cried thou answeredst me, and strengthenedst me with strength in my soul." There's more writin': "Father has finished his wairk for the Geological Survey, and we're goin' back to our home—and to my 'true love'!"

Hark! Did ye hear that? 'Twas Tillie Smith, but her cry held no anguish, and anyhow, Elder McCroly's at the county seat to-day strivin' again for a pension. Bless my soul, 'tis Annie Carson! and a man carryin' somethin'! Her arms are stretched out to him to grasp—to grasp—why, 'tis a wee bairn!

THE BLUE ROAD

BY MAY RILEY SMITH

On the Blue Road, the Sky Road,
Where the lark soars and sings,
God made a Zone of Safety
For hunted, flying things,
On the Blue Road, the Sky Road,
The Avenue of Wings!

On the Blue Road, the Far Road,
High in the sweet clean air,
Above earth's grime and foulness,
What wings are these that fare
On the Blue Road, the Far Road,
Where only skylarks dare?

On the Blue Road, the High Road,
It is our bravest, best,
Who go with shining faces
Upon a holy quest.
On the Blue Road, the High Road,
They falter not, nor rest.

On the Blue Road, the New Road,
The birds affrighted fly
Before the young Crusaders,
The conquerors of the sky—
On the Blue Road, the New Road,
Their wings go sweeping by!

On the Blue Road, the Sad Road,
Above the graves of France,
Above the wreck of Belgium,
With white lips they advance,
On the Blue Road, the Sad Road,
Above the graves of France.

On the Blue Road, the Still Road,
They flash a swift salute,
And all the little crosses
Send back a signal mute,
On the Blue Road, the Still Road,
Living and dead salute!

On the Blue Road, the Sky Road,
Where earth and heaven meet,
Come, God of Righteous Battles,
And thy young Allies meet!
On the Blue Road, thine own Road,
Set up thy Judgment Seat!

THE LAND OF CONTENTED WOMEN

BY CHRISTIAN LEDEN

AT last I have seen the Contented Woman, although it took many miles of traveling to track her to her hidden lair—a woman satisfied with her lot, untouched by the present restlessness of her sex or the "divine discontent" of the age. Perhaps her content lies in the fact that she is not able to conceive of anything which she does not already possess. Who is this daughter of Eve that the new century has left unperturbed? She is none other than our sister, the Eskimo woman. "Oh, but that is an uncivilized people," you say. Perhaps so, but still they are in many respects, although not in all, living up to many ideals of civilization that are instinctive with them. While our poets and prophets have been talking freedom the Eskimos have achieved it in that large sense which means that it is the possession of women and children as well as of men; and that all who labor, in the home or out of it, share in the glory and honor of the work accomplished.

In a country where the struggle for existence is so hard a woman's necessary duties take up most of the Arctic day, and the daily routine for every Eskimo woman is practically the same. She accepts the work that is thrust upon her cheerfully, and sturdily undertakes such occupations as the establishing and the breaking up of camp, the making of fur and skin clothing, of boots, tents, and sleigh sails. She is often the road-breaker in traveling, the rower when sailing, and always the caretaker of her children; still she finds time to help provide food. Among certain tribes most of the fishing is left for the women, also the collecting of birds and eggs. The open-air life keeps the Eskimo woman strong and healthy, and during her long summer travels, which consist of walking hundreds of miles in a few weeks, she carries a large part of the camping outfit besides her youngest child on her back with no discomfort. She laughs and talks constantly and relates a joke now and then with great enjoyment. She is seldom silent except for a very good reason, such as the absence of her husband on a dangerous hunting expedition. She may be inclined to gloom during the last weeks of the depressing Arctic night, when she is filled with yearning for the sight of the sun again; and she prays for its blessing on her youngest born. The first appearance of the glowing sun after the winter's darkness often produces a drunkenlike ecstasy of joy among the women—a sort of hysteria in which they sing, dance, laugh, and cry at the same time. They soon relapse into their complacent life again; and seldom exhibit their feelings, except for their children, with whom they are extremely affectionate, and with whom they hygienically rub noses, instead of kissing.

Children are always welcome, and, although baby boys are usually considered more valuable than girls, a girl is gratefully received and is looked after with much concern. Before the arrival of her child the mother retires into a specially prepared tent if it is summer, or into a

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(C) CHR. LEDEN

AN ESKIMO WOMAN FACES A CAMERA AND A WHITE MAN FOR THE FIRST TIME

(C) CHR. LEDEN

AN ESKIMO FAMILY OF WEST GREENLAND "LOOKING PLEASANT" BEFORE THE CAMERA

(C) CHR. LEDEN

YOUNG ESKIMO GIRLS OF WEST GREENLAND

snow-house (igloo) if it is winter, and remains there alone until after the baby is a month old. Members of the family throw meat and fish in the door for her to eat during this period.

As soon as a little girl has been given a name she is promised by her parents to the little son of a neighboring family which they hold in high regard. This pledge is mutually binding and almost never disregarded, so that a woman's destiny as to wedded life is settled in her infancy. The little girl is carried around in her mother's long hood, or *amaut*, being greatly petted and sometimes spoiled after the manner of the Caucasian children. By the time she is three years old she is given such crude toys and playthings as can be constructed out of the few available materials. Gradually these are changed for miniature models of the mother's tools and working apparatus, and thus the child's education begins. Her training is skillfully superintended by her mother, who, being a prophet of the Montessori method, not only avoids force and strives for individual expression, but endeavors to impart all knowledge through play. In this way the girl grows into responsible womanhood, and not with the idea that the duties of the household are drudgery. In fact, she anticipates the time when she shall be intrusted with them. The chief idea of education among the Arctic peoples is to teach the arts of preserving life.

The vocational training proceeds through the use of models until the Eskimo girl learns to handle the tools of her future occupations and becomes familiar with the different methods of work. Her first knowledge of tailoring our little maiden gets while sewing with her bone needle and sinew twine on fur and skin clothing for her doll, a clumsy toy roughly hewn out of driftwood. Her mother instinct is further developed in the care of the smaller children of the family, in which she takes great delight, particularly when she is old enough to carry one of them around in her hood.

At the age of twelve or fourteen she is competent to sew and to put up a full-sized tent. She can also erect the snow bed in the igloo, which means that she is now a capable woman as far as work is concerned.

When sixteen or seventeen, she has reached maturity, and then she prepares her first long-hooded coat—the kind her mother wears. This is a sign to her affianced sweetheart that she is ready to marry. Perhaps he is away at the time, but word reaches him of her act, so he starts forth to claim her. As a matter of form he shows little impatience in getting to her, though he does not neglect to polish brightly the dog sleigh which is to bring the bride home. He does not tell his errand to any one, and out of courtesy no one mentions it to him; but the purpose of his journey is thoroughly understood. He does not go direct to his future wife's camp, but stops a day or so in the other camps along his route. When at last he reaches her vicinity, he does not go to her parents' igloo, but probably takes up his abode in the snow-house farthest away from it. Every day he moves a house closer, ignoring all the while the real object of his journey by discussing only such ordinary topics as the weather and hunting.

Finally he enters the home of his father-in-law, but etiquette forbids him to mention his errand the first day. He is silent for a long time, and after he has begun speaking he waits still longer to address any remark to his bride. During their first talk she is extremely diffident, and when finally he grows warmer and mentions the purpose of his coming she often bursts out crying and refuses to go with him. This is not to be taken as a sign that she does not care for her suitor, nor that she does not wish exceedingly to go with him, but modesty and good custom impel her not to reveal her feelings of happiness and joy.

She is certain to yield after a time, and then the two start out in the sleigh for his home. The honeymoon is a rather quiet and speechless affair, and it is only through sly glances that one detects a smile on the face of either. Settled in their new home, the courtship is not always over, for the bride, not surfeited with wooing, enjoys playing the trick of slipping off to her parents' home while he is away hunting, and sometimes he is forced to return to fetch her two or three times before she will stay with him, all of which he accepts as part of the natural course of events.

Apparently wedding presents are not missed, and the fact that there is no ceremony does not make the union less stable. Although each is free to leave the other, neither does so. I have seen only one case among all the Eskimos I have known where the wife left her husband permanently. This she did because he was a weakling and allowed her to be the master.

Being master of his house does not mean, however, that a man will force his wishes upon his wife. If he, for instance, desires another wife or two, he must obtain the consent of his first wife. This she usually gives without opposition, for she is only too glad to have a woman companion and some one to assist with the work. If a woman is childless, she often asks her husband to select another wife, so that the home may be blessed with the merriment of children. It is seldom that an Eskimo woman feels any jealousy towards her rival, for her husband generally treats both with equal respect. It is thus understood that with his wife's consent a man is entitled to some love adventures. This is a strange basis for contentment, but a practical one!

The system of polygamy works both ways, for the Eskimos have the single standard. In a tribe where there are more men than women, a woman may often be allowed a second husband, provided she has the approval of her first. Her fondness for some unmarried man does not necessarily lessen her regard for her husband, who may be old or weak,

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and hence a poor hunter and provider. A younger man may prove a real asset to the family. Even if it is a case of simple infatuation, no deception is practiced. The Eskimo woman reveals her feelings to her husband, who, if the lover is worthy, rarely refuses his consent for his wife to go away with this rival for a certain length of time. If the man happens to have a wife of his own, the abandoned husband will often propose to his wife that she arrange matters with the wife of her lover, so there will be a mutual exchange of spouses for a time. The original relations are always resumed after a season, no divorce or remarriage proceedings being necessary. It is not unusual for a man to propose some unmarried friend to become a second husband for his wife. She is not obliged to accept him, and she will not do so unless attracted by him, but she can hardly refuse to sew his clothing and work for him as for her real husband. In this case he hunts for her and helps provide for her family just as if he held the place of "second husband." Always between the two life partners a perfect understanding exists and the utmost consideration and tolerance for each other. I am often asked if there are any old maids in this land where every girl's fate is planned for her when she is an infant, and where polygamous marriages take care of the surplus of either sex. There are a few who get left; but chiefly for the unforgivable defect of having short hair. A vicious disposition might doom an Eskimo woman to singleness were such a woman found. If a man is betrothed to a girl whose hair remains short, he may refuse to come for her when she is ready to marry; he has the right to choose another wife with perhaps a very flat nose but ample locks!

In domestic accomplishments all women are on an equal footing. The propensity of the Arctic folk to eat raw food makes a wide knowledge of cooking less imperative to the Eskimo woman than to the American housewife; but the necessity of skinning, dismembering, and carving large animals makes an understanding of anatomy quite necessary. In winter the cleaning of the meat is practically the only preparation necessary; for nature assists by freezing the flesh, in which manner it can be eaten for many days. But in summer the hardiest Eskimo cannot stand eating raw meat; it must be prepared in some way for a change.

The most difficult of the duties connected with the cuisine consists in collecting the material for a fire. Often the diligent wife must travel a long way and search a square mile or more of barren ground before she can find enough dry moss to cook one meal. In winter she must dig up this moss from under the snow and get it dry by beating the ice out of it. Then she must construct her fireplace of snow and stone, and, having filled it with fuel, start the fire, not by turning on the gas, but by the tedious primitive fire-bore process—rubbing a hard and soft piece of driftwood together, or perhaps a flint stone and a piece of iron quartz. It is smoky and not thrilling work after the start, watching the *ukusik*, or soapstone cookpot, and feeding the fire for hours until at last the water reaches the boiling point.

If boiling water is not so simple a matter as it sounds, neither is the drying of meat, owing to the fact that the meat and fish have to be dried out of doors, and must be protected from the fierce polar dogs, who wait for every opportunity to steal anything that is eatable. In drying the skin for clothing the Eskimo wife has also to guard against the four-footed thieves. Most of this drying takes place in the spring when she is making her summer festival dress of deerskin. The boots for holy days are made of sealskin bleached in the snow. Further spring sewing includes the making of the man's long waterproof boots of sealskin and his summer costume of the same material. Later the deer's summer skin which is to be made into underwear at the beginning of winter is dried and a new tent is constructed for the fall.

Sometimes there is opportunity for a little recreation—a visit to a friend, or an occasion when a number of women will meet to play the absorbing game of *Nugluktak*, which, if less intellectual than bridge, requires equal skill in its way and contains much greater elements of chance. The game consists in trying to stick a small pin of bone or driftwood into the center hole of a suspended and swinging bone, all players taking part at the same time. The stakes are personal properties, such as tools, ornaments, festival garments, and the like. No woman, however, would put up anything belonging to both herself and her husband, or anything on which her children had any claim. The losers show no disagreeable spirit, but laugh with the winners over the outcome of the game.

The one event which will interupt the tense excitement of this play is the wail of a child, at which sound all the mothers run quickly to see which child is in distress. The most evident characteristic of the Eskimos is their affectionate tenderheartedness toward their children. It is not a dismal thing to be an Eskimo child, even if one must eat blubber instead of doughnuts. The first principle in the rearing of a child is that the child reflects its parents in its actions, and hence any harsh or unkind acts toward their children will recoil upon the parents. Force has no place in Eskimo religion or philosophy; but equal freedom for all is taken for granted. The ultimate outcome of this order of things is a fundamental respect for the young, even for their wives and for opinions. In the men's councils a young man is listened to with the same respect that is shown an old man. The Eskimo's fifth commandment might read, "Honor thy children, that they may grow up to do thee honor." This feeling, to a certain extent, perhaps, has its root in the religious belief that the soul of a deceased person after whom a child is named gradually takes possession of his body, so that the child has the benefit of maturer wisdom.

The loss of her child is the deepest grief that can come to an Eskimo woman, and she will cry for days and nights after her bereavement. If it is an only child who dies, often a woman with many children will give one of hers to the stricken mother. This is but one of the ways in which the "love your neighbor" doctrine finds expression among these primitive people. Children who are left orphans are taken care of, if possible. A boy has the advantage in that he usually becomes the protégé of some person who on account of success and prosperity feels that he can help the weak and needy. A little girl, if deprived of her mother while nursing, is sometimes killed, so as not to suffer starvation or become the burden of mothers who already have enough to do in the nursing of their own children.

The creed of the North is one of practicability. Human life is sacred only so long as it can exist comfortably. When a woman gets so old that she can no longer work for those whom she loves devotedly, she often expresses a wish to leave this world, and may even request a younger friend to help her do so. If the aged grandmother is suffering and longing to die, some member of her family or a friend will perform the service by leading her to a high rock and pushing her down from it, and thus sending her to a world where she will be strong and young again, and never feel the frigid cold.

After the death of a woman, whether she dies naturally or with assistance, her friends give her soul a certain time to linger around the body before they bury her. The belief is that the soul leaves the body gradually, and therefore a burial is never hurried. The grave is made of stones and the corpse is closed into this in a half-sitting position, with all her tools and personal property placed about her. This ceremonial being over, no one must mention the departed by her name, but must speak of her by the relation in which she stood to them, as mother, grandmother, or sister, until a child is born who is given her name.

While an elderly woman meets death without regret, it is only one who has reached the end of her usefulness who would seek it; never one who is still active, for morbidity and melancholy are unknown. As a woman grows older she is treated with great deference and her influence widens. The oldest woman in a camp is always looked up to by the younger members and her advice highly appreciated. The rôle of a grandmother is a happy one, for she has both her children and grandchildren to work for; and she insists on doing so as a matter of love, whether it is necessary or not. So she finds, like Rabbi Ben Ezra, old age completing what youth began, and satisfaction in both, because she has fulfilled her destiny, a simple destiny which is serenely accepted and never questioned. Such are the annals of a contented woman.

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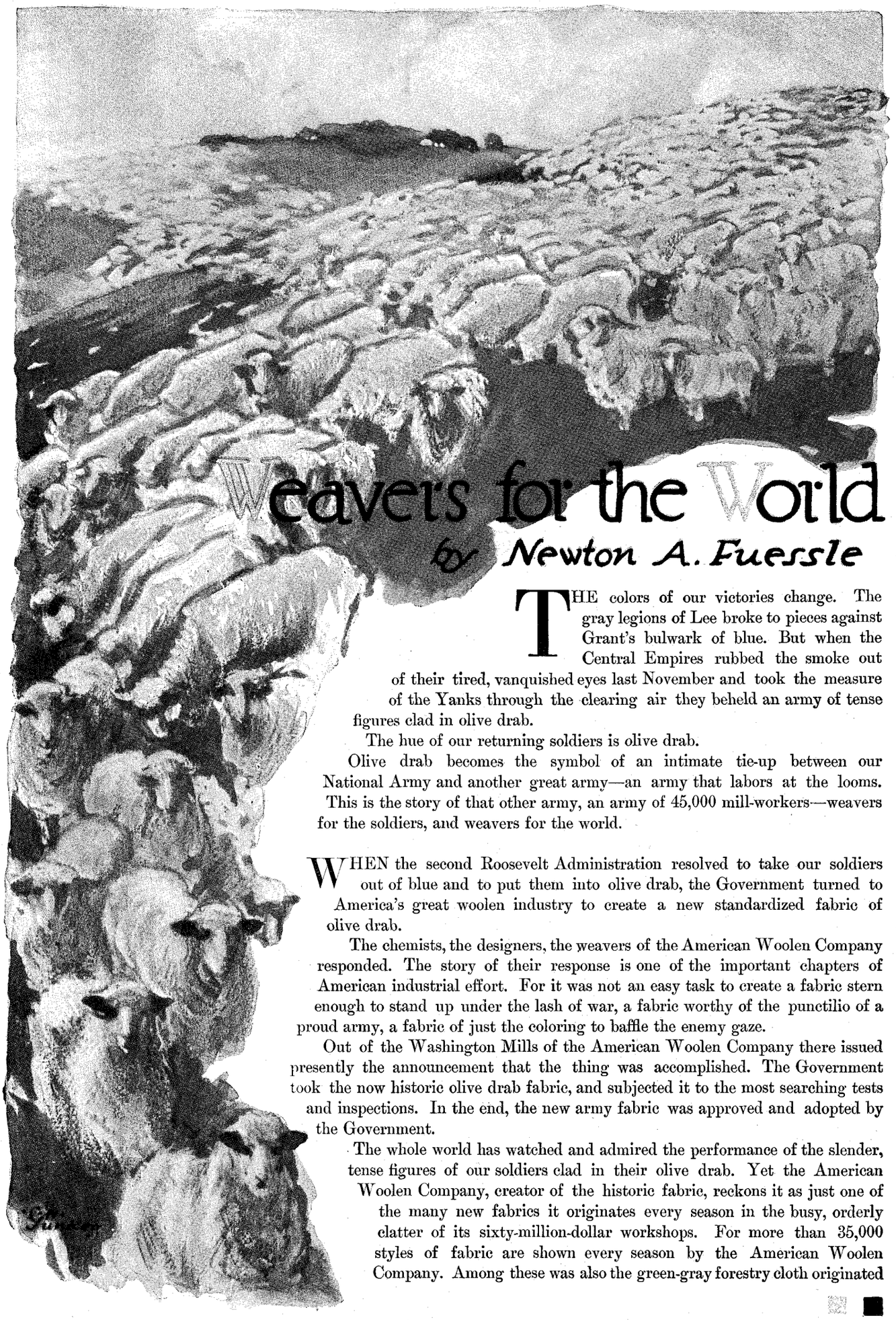

Weavers for the World

by Newton A. Fuessle

THE colors of our victories change. The gray legions of Lee broke to pieces against Grant's bulwark of blue. But when the Central Empires rubbed the smoke out of their tired, vanquished eyes last November and took the measure of the Yanks through the clearing air they beheld an army of tense figures clad in olive drab.

The hue of our returning soldiers is olive drab.

Olive drab becomes the symbol of an intimate tie-up between our National Army and another great army—an army that labors at the looms. This is the story of that other army, an army of 45,000 mill-workers—weavers for the soldiers, and weavers for the world.

WHEN the second Roosevelt Administration resolved to take our soldiers out of blue and to put them into olive drab, the Government turned to America's great woolen industry to create a new standardized fabric of olive drab.

The chemists, the designers, the weavers of the American Woolen Company responded. The story of their response is one of the important chapters of American industrial effort. For it was not an easy task to create a fabric stern enough to stand up under the lash of war, a fabric worthy of the punctilio of a proud army, a fabric of just the coloring to baffle the enemy gaze.

Out of the Washington Mills of the American Woolen Company there issued presently the announcement that the thing was accomplished. The Government took the now historic olive drab fabric, and subjected it to the most searching tests and inspections. In the end, the new army fabric was approved and adopted by the Government.

The whole world has watched and admired the performance of the slender, tense figures of our soldiers clad in their olive drab. Yet the American Woolen Company, creator of the historic fabric, reckons it as just one of the many new fabrics it originates every season in the busy, orderly clatter of its sixty-million-dollar workshops. For more than 35,000 styles of fabric are shown every season by the American Woolen Company. Among these was also the green-gray forestry cloth originated

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for the United States Forestry Department. For years it clad the United States forest rangers. It has since been adopted as the fabric from which are made the well-known uniforms of the United States Marines.

A MARTIAL swing, an understanding of the clothing needs of soldiers, thus became part of the equipment of the American Woolen Company long before that startling day in April, 1917, plunged America into the World War and laid the burden of great new responsibilities upon it. Few industrial companies were privileged to serve their country as decisively during the war.

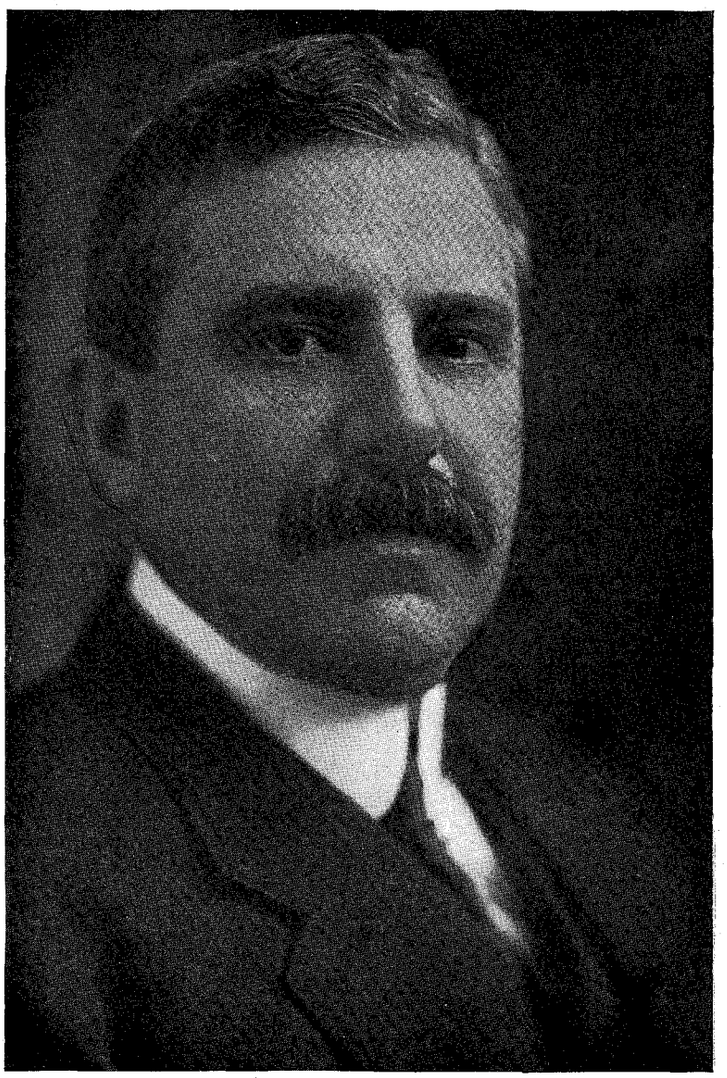
The abrupt cry for wool fabric for our soldiers found the American Woolen Company ready. It sprang to the response with the suddenness of magic.

Woolen clothing for half a million soldiers was required almost overnight. For modern war cannot be waged without warm clothing. We have known that ever since the terrible winter at Valley Forge.

Our woolen mills thus became as integral a part of our war machine as our rifle mills and our shell mills. The forty-seven mills that then comprised the American Woolen Company were ready. The vision and drive of its leader had constructed an organization of such strength and flexibility that it was able at once to veer its energy from the jobs of peace into the jobs of war. There was no hitch, no wobbling, no running around in frantic circles. The transition was smooth. The machinery was there. The brains were there. The men were there—the pick of the textile industry of the world. Without pause or waste or experiment the American Woolen Company was able to convert ninety per cent of its equipment into the production of Army fabric in complete conformity with strict Government standards. It had everything to go right ahead—including vast stores of raw wool.

It is a fact that the preparedness of this one great organization did much to reassure the country of its industrial efficiency, at a time of emergency when on nearly every hand one beheld the spectacle of delay, disappointment, and excuses.

So great was the Government's confidence in the American Woolen Company's ability to perform its share of this war work that, in order to insure the speediest possible execution of the company's war contracts, and to guard against delays in deliveries, and to facilitate extension of mill equipment, the Government made the company cash advances amounting to more than $16,000,000. In less than ten months' time the Government had placed orders for more than $100,000,000 worth of blankets and fabric with the company.



William M. Wood, President American Woolen Company

Meanwhile the civilian demand for the goods of this company continued to roll in unabated, so that by December 31, 1917, the books of the American Woolen Company were burdened with a total of more than $80,000,000 worth of unfilled orders.

With a burst of unprecedented industry the company now took up its huge task of carrying on its war work and its civilian work simultaneously. Some half a dozen mills were added to the forty-seven that comprised the mill units of the American Woolen Company before the entrance of the United States into the war. It should also be noted that enough raw wool to cover practically all the requirements of this dual programme had been amassed in advance supplies.

Early in the war, foreseeing the possibility of interference with the transportation of coal both by rail and water, the heads of the company took the precaution of equipping a number of its larger mills for burning fuel oil. Substantial contracts were placed for fuel oil, as a safeguard against a possible shut-down; so that now this dual heating and power equipment has become a permanent feature of some of the larger mills of the system.

As the United States settled into the

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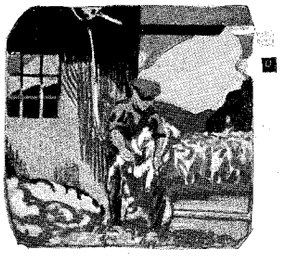
austere stride of war, the major responsibility of manufacturing clothing materials for its troops and navy descended upon the American Woolen Company. Millions upon millions of yards of olive drab and khaki, of flannel, and kersey, and navy serge, began flowing in a tidal wave of warmth from the mills of this company.

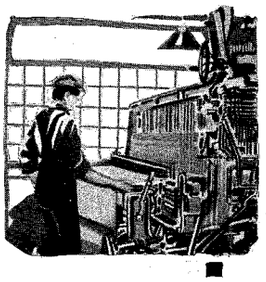


And every contract with the Government was filled on time. There was not a single instance of delayed delivery, not a request for an extension of time. In numerous cases deliveries were made in advance of closing dates. And from start to finish the highest Government standards were rigidly maintained.

Such was the American Woolen Company's way of answering the call of its country. Such was its conception of service, and such was its ability to perform in that grave hour when industrial miracles were in demand in order that democratic principles might live.

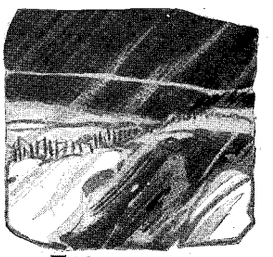
THE beginnings of the readiness of this company to get under the load of 1917 and 1918 go back twenty years. Twenty years ago an idea began to glow in the brain of William M. Wood. He was at that time treasurer of the Washington Mills, at Lawrence, Massachusetts. He conceived of the service possibilities of a strongly centralized federation of woolen mills. All about him he saw isolated, independent mills striving to produce their share of the Nation's requirements, but each handicapped when it came to buying, when it came to importing raw material, and when it came to marketing the finished fabric.

Mr. Wood saw an enormous duplication and repetition of executive effort, creative effort, buying effort, and selling effort. He saw a competitive condition that was draining great reserves of energy—energy which, under proper centralization and co-operation, might be translated into just that much more production and service.



The idea of amalgamation took hold of him. He made a list of successful mill properties and organizations, so located and equipped that they might, with advantage to all of them, be fused together into unified co-ordination and control. He analyzed the possibilities and reckoned the values of such a union. It was almost as though he were gazing clairvoyantly through the fogs of the future and beholding the critical year of 1917 and the country's wartime need of the productive might of such a combination of woolen mills as he could see twenty years ago in ambitious vision.

Having fortified himself with facts and with an intense belief in his project, Mr. Wood resolved to broach the subject to Charles Fletcher, one of the deans of the woolen industry of New England and the founder of the National and Providence Worsted Mills, of Providence, Rhode Island. Mr. Fletcher listened in amazement to the dream of the younger man. He shook his head decisively. His old English conservatism shrank from the daring, enterprising project of William M. Wood. He would have nothing to do with it.



On every hand, wherever he undertook to outline the broad scope of his idea, Mr. Wood was met with similar opposition.

"It can't be done," was the answer of the mill-owners whom he sought to ignite with his own enthusiasm.

But William M. Wood, having committed himself to the project, was not to be turned back. There were qualities in him that seemed made for just such opposition. He had not only that static poise of a successful mill executive, but he had the restless, dynamic eagerness of pioneering. And he won.

On March 29, 1899, his dream of the American Woolen Company became a corporate fact. Frederick Ayer, of Lowell, Massachusetts, was elected its first president. Mr. Wood was its first treasurer and a member of its first executive committee.

Eight leading New England mills became the nucleus of the organization: the Washington, Fitchburg, Beoli, Valley, National and Providence Worsted, Fulton, Saranac, and the Riverside Worsted Mills.

The Washington Mills were located at Lawrence, Massachusetts. They were famous for their Bay State shawls. They had manufactured as many as 315,000 of these shawls in the year 1850 alone. G. V. Fox, Assistant Secretary of the Navy during the Civil War, had been among this mill's first resident agents.

The Riverside Worsted Mills, of Providence, another of the original eight mills of the company, were the first producers in America of astrachan, the highest-priced American-made woolen goods of their time.

Each of the original eight mills of the company had made industrial history in its own way. One by one, additional desirable mills were now absorbed into the steadily expanding organization of the American Woolen Company. Today, the forceful aggressiveness of its founder, who later became its president, and who is now the president of the company, has succeeded in uniting the more than fifty mills that comprise the present organization into competitive co-operation of singular efficiency. He has taken these different properties and bolted them together so that their activities engage like gears.

Long before this country entered the war the war value of the American Woolen Company had been decisively demonstrated. Its looms furnished Great Britain and Russia with considerable yardage in the earlier periods of the war, so that when our entry into the war inflicted its sudden shock upon the industries, this particular army of weavers had already grown accustomed to the stiffened pace of war.

BUT let no one suppose that the transition from war back into peace has been an easy performance for a company ninety per cent of whose equipment had been drafted by Mars. Here again the vitality and flexibility of the organization has been put sharply to the test.

The end of the war found the American Woolen Company with more mills on its hands, more efficiency, more energy, more power to produce, than it had ever had before. The normal might of former days had been expanded and

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Fighters in Olive Drab

multiplied into a surplus of productive strength, a surplus of capacity, a surplus of efficiency, that it had never known or needed in the days of peace.

While the war still raged Mr. Wood and his associates foresaw that just this condition was certain to come to pass. And again, when the time came, they were prepared. They had made ready for just this critical condition by making ready to enable their surplus production to flow into foreign trade.

The American Woolen Company was among the first American organizations to lay permanent plans to follow up and hold on to the advantages gained by the American dollar in foreign countries during the recent upheaval of world commerce through the World War. This company approached its export problems with the same fundamental thoroughness with which it built its domestic machinery of manufacture and distribution.

It was able to start with certain advantages in this new and complicated problem of exporting. For it was not

a stranger abroad. For years it had been importing raw wools from Australia, New Zealand, South America, Cape of Good Hope, and even from Iceland.

President Wood, in his report to the company's stockholders for the fiscal year ended December 31, 1917, tersely summarizes the initial steps of the company in laying the groundwork for foreign trade. He said:

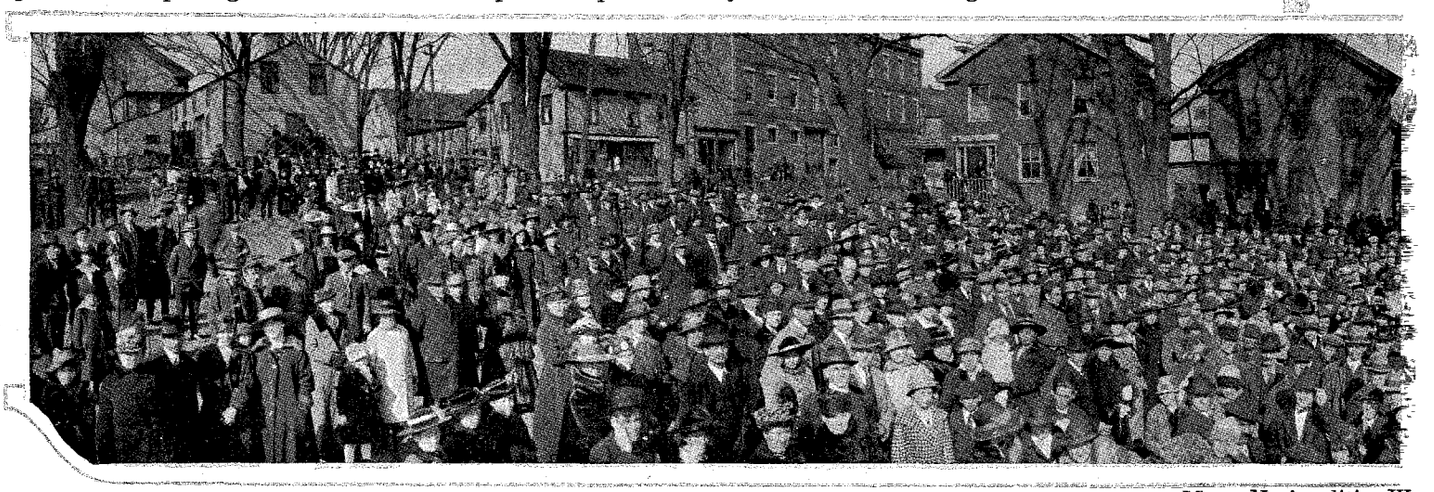
"Early in 1917 your management, deeming it advisable to segregate the export business from the domestic business of the American Woolen Company, decided to create a separate organization to carry on a general export business of products purchased by it from the American Woolen Company. The American Woolen Products Company was therefore incorporated and commenced business on April 1. During the ensuing months up to December 31 branch offices have been established in the Argentine Republic, Brazil, Canada, Chile, Colombia, Cuba, Peru, Mexico, and in the Far East."

Despite serious initial obstacles to foreign trade, more than $1,300,000 of cloth was shipped to foreign customers during the first year of this departure. The export business of the company has been established on the soundest business principles. And the exportation of its goods is rapidly flowing into world-wide channels. Shivering Russia is being wrapped in its blankets. And it is boldly pushing its fabrics right under the nose of the far-flung distribution of even British woolen mills—a world-wide distribution that looked not so long ago as if it could never be budged by foreign competition.

AND this lands us on the doorstep of the interesting subject of American woolens as against English woolens. English woolens, as everybody knows, used to bestride the world. They recognized no rivals. The best tailors everywhere held their English woolens in profound respect. "This is an imported fabric," was a conjurer's phrase.

To-day it is different. It is now an accepted fact in the trade that no better woolens or worsteds than those of the American Woolen Company are manufactured anywhere in the world. A bolt of goods that bears the mark of this company is everything that a bolt of woolen fabric can be in design, weave, workmanship, coloring, shrinking, and finish.

So great is the trade's confidence



Many Nationalities Wo

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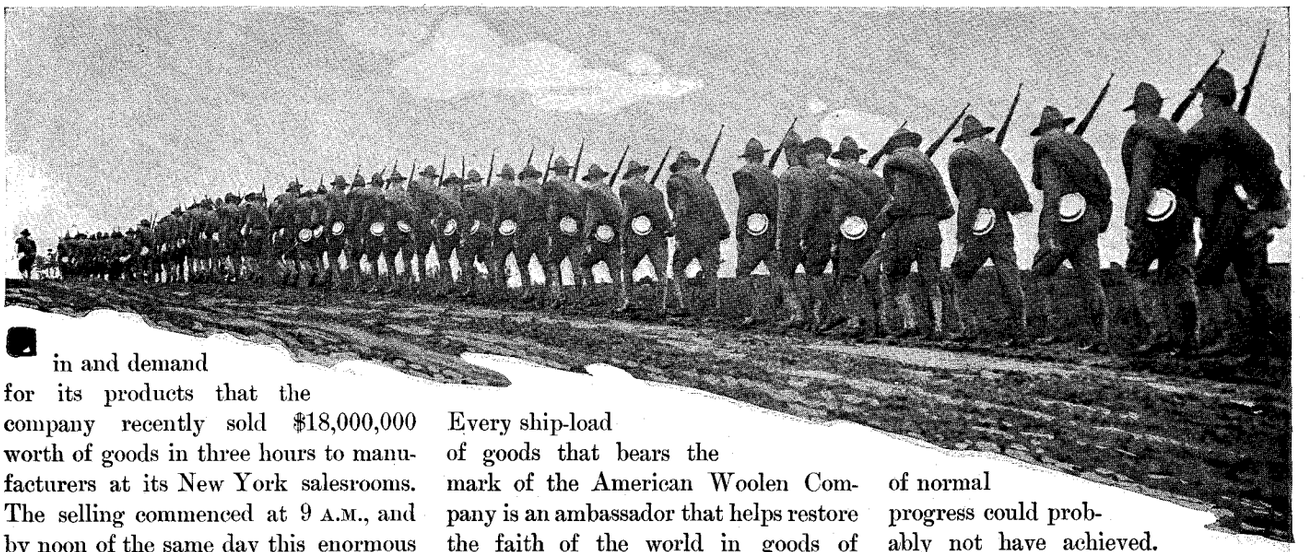


in and demand for its products that the company recently sold $18,000,000 worth of goods in three hours to manufacturers at its New York salesrooms. The selling commenced at 9 A.M., and by noon of the same day this enormous total of sales had been recorded.

The recognized worth and quality of this company's fabrics are just the elements that are required to set the United States right in its present drive for foreign trade. For there are some somber pages in the history of our foreign trade. Irresponsible manufacturers have in the past dumped almost worthless articles upon South American and other foreign markets. There are foreign markets in which American goods have a black eye and a bad name. There are cities in which American trade representatives are about as welcome as a plague.

And so the fabrics of the American Woolen Company destined for foreign markets are doing not only the stockholders and the employees of the company a valuable service, but they are doing the manufacturers of the United States generally a vigorous and far-reaching service. Every shipment of these woolens that sails for a foreign port helps correct the bad impressions that unworthy shipments of American-made goods have sometimes spread. Every ship-load of goods that bears the mark of the American Woolen Company is an ambassador that helps restore the faith of the world in goods of American manufacture. Every bolt of this company's fabrics that goes on a foreign shelf helps establish confidence in the exports of the United States.

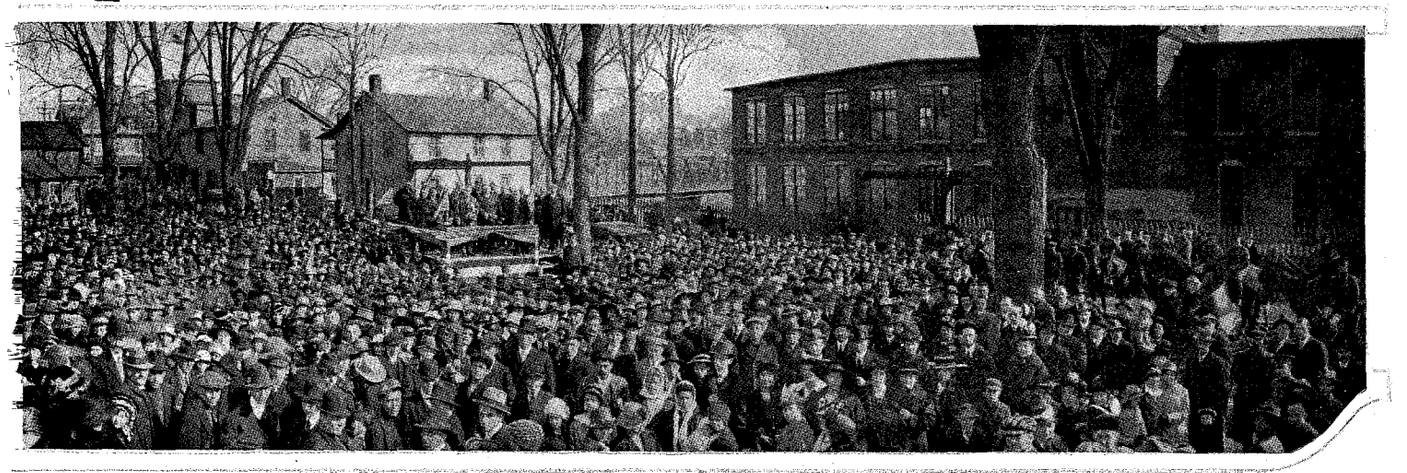
The needs which forced American goods into foreign markets during the war have created permanent changes. The demand for American goods in foreign lands is a stimulating challenge to such concerns as the American Woolen Company. It is a challenge that can no more go unheeded than the demand of our armies for woolens could go unheeded when we entered the war. The surplus energy which the American Woolen Company poured into the war now flows into foreign trade. This important surplus of productive energy which was wrung into being by the war is not going to ebb and dwindle back into the net pre-war normal.

IT is reassuring alike to the stockholders and to the employees of this company to reflect that the tense months of the war have endowed their institution with new, deep reservoirs of strength and resource that even years of normal progress could probably not have achieved.

It is a strength, a capacity, that do not appear entirely upon the books of the company. They do not appear in their entirety upon its lists of assets. They are not visible among its properties. They are to a large degree intangible and unseen. They are largely inscrutable. And yet the glow and drive of this surplus strength are as real as the walls of the company's mills, as real as its shuttles racing in their looms.

The American Woolen Company has been repaid richly for efforts during the war. It has been repaid both sentimentally and economically. There are many reasons for the assumption that the earnings on its common stock, which attained five per cent last year, plus an additional five per cent dividend in Liberty Bonds, will have no cause to slump, now that the company's growing foreign trade can absorb the surplus of productive energy which the war has left on its hands.

THE large transactions of this company are singularly expressive of the world's faith in the integrity of its



nerican Woolen Mills

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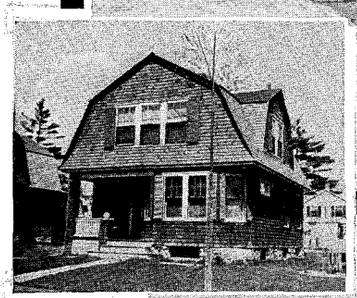
intent and the quality of its goods. It took character, and patient laboring toward a difficult goal, and confident co-operation between employer and employed, between owners and customers, to achieve this important industrial position in the world. It took a rugged, underlying faith between masters and operatives, between stockholders and executives, to bequeath to the world as perfect a product as that of the American Woolen Company.

There have been storms and misunderstandings at times; there were bound to be in as virile and husky and as aggressive an organization as this. There have been arguments and cross-purposes at times. There were too much eagerness and stamina and red blood and aggression and strength to display an always serene picture. For uninterrupted serenity is hardly to be found outside of a soft, anæmic, subservient drifting with the current. Strength gravitates to strength in the rush of American industries. And where stalwart might permeates a forceful union of interests like the American Woolen Company, it follows that "me too" cannot be always on the lips.

And yet, in a larger sense, the will and purpose and drive of these weavers for the world have been singularly unified and peculiarly welded into singleness of purpose—the common purpose to serve the world to the best of their ability. A proud industrial effort it has been; an industrial machine able to serve the world as skillfully in war as it served it in peace, and able to forge on through the uncharted thickets of reconstruction as fearlessly as it traversed the known, familiar avenues of normal times. For when less stalwart concerns weakened and lost their way under the strain, the American Woolen Company went calmly forward under full steam.



Although it had become the fashion for industrial organizations which have contributed to the winning of the war to announce their exploits with a fanfare of trumpets, the American Woolen Company has stuck steadfastly to its looms. It has kept itself severely in the background. Its founder has always believed in translating his conception of leadership not into words and interviews, but into action.

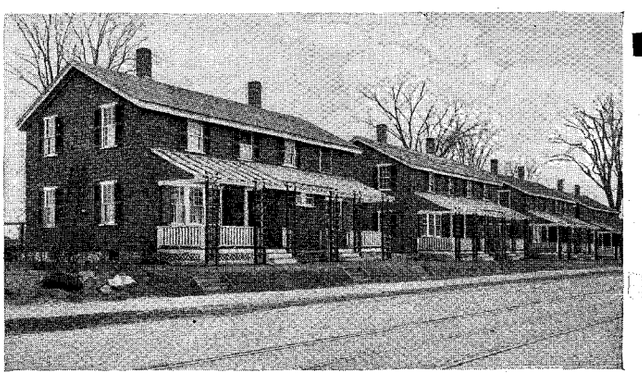
Fine-sounding theories and speech-making and elaborate house organs do not pour from the executive offices of the American Woolen Company. What needs to be said is usually confined to the president's annual report. And this is a terse and meaty document. It is the brief, succinct statement of service problems met and solved, of obstacles battled through, of an army of workers kept employed at generous wages, of dividends on preferred and common stock met and paid.

The 45,000 people on the pay-rolls of the company's mills and offices represent a combined community of more than 200,000 people directly dependent upon it. That means a community equivalent to Denver, or St. Paul, or Rochester, New York, or Portland, Oregon.

The leader of this community, the man upon whom the responsibility for its welfare centers, has a peculiarly intimate knowledge of its needs and hopes. For Mr. Wood has himself been a mill-worker. He learned his trade in New Bedford, Massachusetts. His knowledge of the woolen business was built from the ground up. He knows selling and he knows merchandising from patient personal contact. He has been on the road as a salesman of cotton yarn and piece goods. He is a peculiarly effective combination of a salesman, a merchant, a manufacturer, and a financier. It would be difficult to find a head of a large industrial enterprise more sensitively attuned to the broad scope of the textile needs of the United States, together with those of Europe, Cuba, South America, and the East. Nor one more elaborately equipped with the ability to persuade his interests what course to follow and to lead them with sure, firm strides into new avenues of service.

Modern Homes Built by the American Woolen Company for Its Employees

THE war reached into the ranks of the American Woolen Company's operatives, took away many skilled workers, and put them into the army and navy. The company is now standing by its returning soldiers; it is re-



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storing them to the pay-rolls. But it is also standing by those who entered its employ during the period of the war to help shoulder the burden of the surplus energy required by the war.

It has long been an axiom of the mill towns that the American Woolen Company gets the pick of mill-workers. The best of the English, French-Canadian, and Belgian weavers who have come to this country are found on this organization's pay-rolls. The southern Italians, Finns, and Poles who largely comprise the company's bands of unskilled labor have found congenial, comfortable employment and cozy housing under the auspices of the company.

Since the beginning of the war, tne upward wage trend has carried up the American Woolen Company's pay-roll 84 per cent.

One day, after an exhausting rush of business engagements in New York, a tired New England business man took his first ride on the escalator at one of the up-town stations of the Sixth Avenue Elevated. The relief he felt at not having laboriously to climb the long flight of stairs was great. He never forgot it. And presently he spent $100,000 for escalators for the Wood Worsted Mills, at Lawrence. They run the full six floors. They save millions of steps each year to the mill-workers. The New England business man of the Sixth Avenue episode was William M. Wood. During all his business life he has been saving steps—steps in manufacture, steps in distribution, steps in filling the world's textile needs.

The war brought many mothers with young children into the employ of his mills. So he established a nursery at Lawrence, where mothers might leave their children under competent, comfortable care during working hours. Mrs. William M. Wood, Jr., daughter-in-law of the founder, assumed personal direction of this nursery.

THE war gardens and homes established by the company for its employees are famous. More than 1,600 homes for employees have been built. They cost an average of $3,000 each. They were not built for profit. A home of six rooms and bath rents often for as low as two or three dollars per week. They are real homes—charming affairs with trellises, with lawns, and private gardens. No two are alike in architecture.

"We want more shade-trees here," said Mr. Wood on one of his tours of inspection of his pioneer village of homes for employees in Maynard, Massachusetts.

And shade-trees were at once ordered, and planted in profusion for the benefit of the mill-workers.

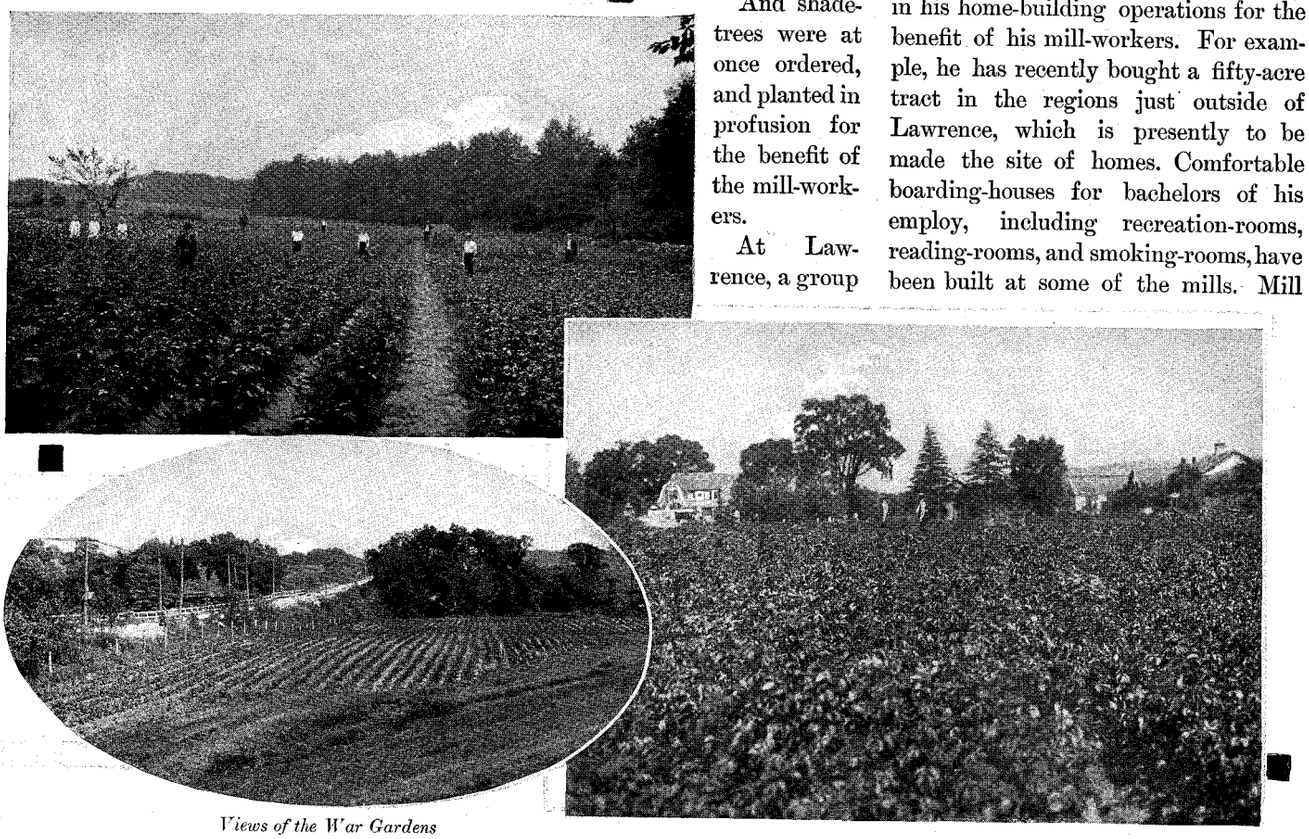
At Lawrence, a group of fifty-two homes for employees rent for as little as an average of four dollars a week each.

More than a score of houses are under construction as this is being written, each with ample ground and garden space. They have nothing in common with the somber, colorless, box-like abodes or barracks which characterize all too many American mill towns.

The great war gardens established for the employees of the company have become an impressive feature of New England industrial life. These are another vivid example of the company's enterprise. The crops of these war gardens, raised by employees of the company, totaled in 1918 as follows: 48,013 bushels of potatoes, 3,339 bushels of beans, 10,580 bushels of squash, 4,128 bushels of tomatoes, 1,557 bushels of turnips, and 1,515 bushels of carrots.

The company furnished its employees seed and fertilizer, allowing them six months to pay for the same. In many cases it plowed the land for them without charge. It called in numerous agricultural experts from the colleges for proper guidance in gardening, and furnished booklets containing detailed instruction as to how to proceed.

Mr. Wood pursues a far-sighted policy in his home-building operations for the benefit of his mill-workers. For example, he has recently bought a fifty-acre tract in the regions just outside of Lawrence, which is presently to be made the site of homes. Comfortable boarding-houses for bachelors of his employ, including recreation-rooms, reading-rooms, and smoking-rooms, have been built at some of the mills. Mill



Views of the War Gardens

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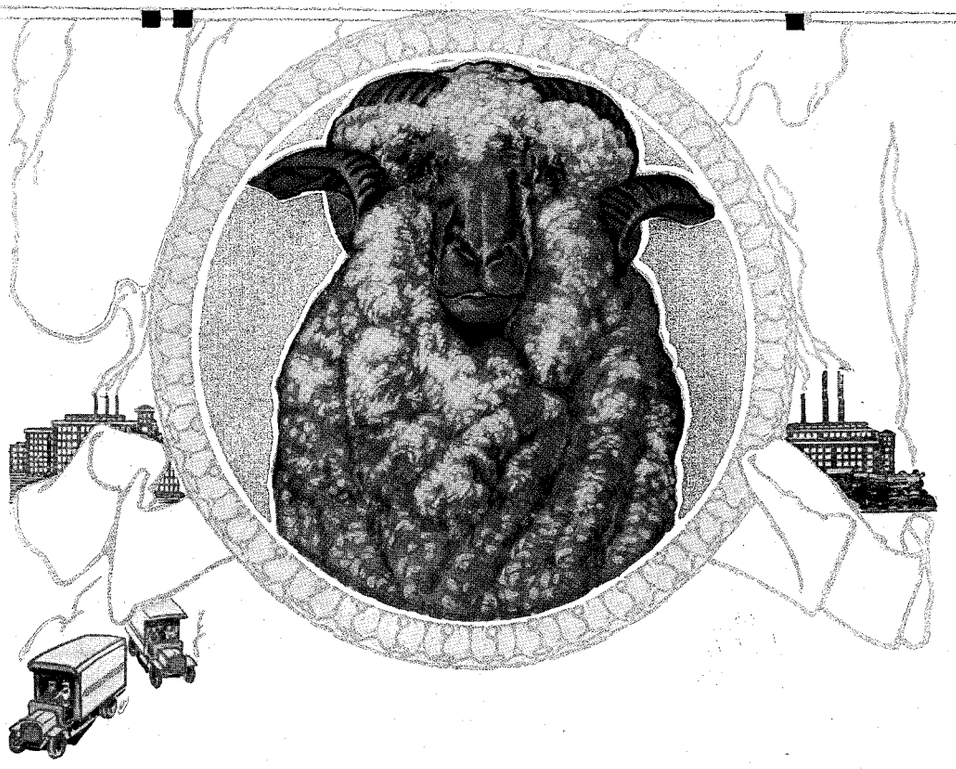
restaurants, in which meals are served to employees at cost, are another feature of this line of effort.

MORE than fifteen nationalities of workers have found employment in the Wood Mill, the world's greatest worsted mill. The American Woolen Company conceives it to be its business to make it possible for these thousands of foreign-born mill-workers to be assimilated into American citizenship, no less than into profitable industrial careers. And it has assumed that the establishment of attractive homes for families dependent upon the mills was one of the first steps toward the development of loyalty toward the country to which they have come.

And so the American Woolen Company is something more than the world's largest producer of wool cloth. It weaves something more than wool cloth for the United States and for the world. It is endeavoring to weave the web of good American citizenship into the woof of profitable employment in the mills.

For its stockholders it is weaving an opportunity for a sound and permanent investment into the opportunity to plant the standard of American goods in foreign lands throughout the world. And this is important. For we are now a creditor nation. A freer commercial intercourse with our debtor lands is imperative for the stimulation of their business, which alone can guarantee the ultimate repayment of their obligations to us.

Finally, the American Woolen Company is employing its invested capital of $60,000,000 for the manufacture of a product that is as essential to the world in times of peace as in times of war. And as the world and its activities move forward into the testing fires of reconstruction days, the American Woolen Company can submit to the test without misgivings, but with a feeling of confidence and security.



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WHY THE KNIGHTS OF COLUMBUS MADE GOOD

BY JOHN B. KENNEDY

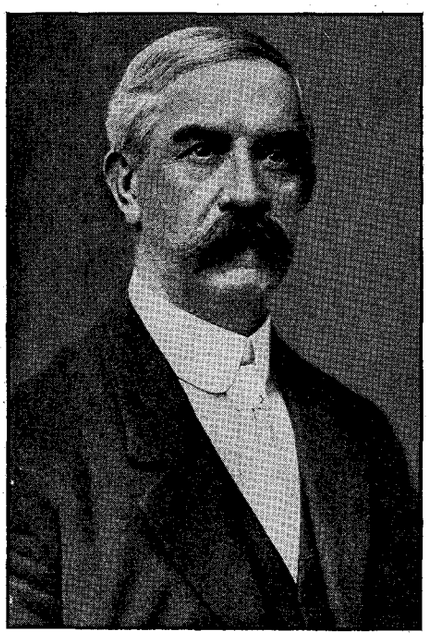
A NEW and interesting chapter was written into the story of American social progress when the American masses realized that the Knights of Columbus had won its spurs as an amateur public service organization and, in the cordial enthusiasm of that realization, supplied the Knights with their munitions of mercy—a war fund which more than doubled the assets that the Knights had built up for themselves in thirty-five years of existence. There is no use blinking the fact that the Knights were not generally regarded with the greatest trust before they had met the highest test of public-spiritedness by spending hundreds of thousands of dollars of their own money on everybody's brothers and sons so long as those sons and brothers wore the Nation's uniform. The K. of C. were insufficiently known. They had never projected anything like organized publicity, and whatever publicity they received was, strangely enough, concerning the least important part of their work—their banquets and public ceremonials. The public did not know that for many years the Knights had been upbuilding a fraternal insurance organization of rather unique strength.

But the chief reason for their lack of publicity was the fact that they were absolutely denominational—exclusively a Catholic organization. The man in the street does not ponder over an effect when he is in possession of a label for the cause, hence the K. of C., being avowedly Catholic, were so catalogued and dismissed from the thoughts of almost every one but their own fellow-faithful.

Although the Knights had during some years carried on an educational campaign against materialistic Socialism—a campaign that included the general public in its scope—they made their initial venture into organized public service at the Mexican border. It is interesting to record that their motive in making this step was simply to look after their own. With many thousands of Catholic troops at the border a cry arose from the Catholic priests and bishops in that region for aid in ministering to these soldiers, who, while they were welcomed to the Y. M. C. A. huts, yet could not properly avail themselves of that welcome because they felt that it was more or less hinged upon a religious formula to which they did not adhere. Furthermore, the Catholic faith entails peculiar obligations on the part of its professors, and a substantial percentage of our boys at the border professed it. Those obligations could not be rendered without ways and means. So the Knights of Columbus, doing violence to their general fund of some three hundred thousand dollars—a fund made up from the dues of its members—went down to the border, erecting and equipping huts at concentration camps, and found themselves, in the words of Raymond B. Fosdick, who looked over the situation for the Secretary of War, successfully engaging in the big job of supporting the Army's morale.

Probably not a working majority of the people who contributed to the war fund of the K. of C. for the great war had any idea that the society was experienced in war relief work, and probably the experience of spending their own money economically and with maximum efficiency at the Mexican border was the best possible experience (even though a substantial one financially) that the Knights could have had, for it taught them the most essential lesson for any who undertake work at public expense—that a minimum overhead covers a multitude of mistakes. Without vainglory it can be written that the Knights have seized and held the minimum overhead (it is less than two per cent of their total fund) while avoiding the multitude of errors.

Going into war relief work on a vast scale, they were unpreceded by trumpet-blowers and drum-bangers. It was simply a case of success speaking for itself. The Knights, with the truly American character of their knighthood, saw that they had undertaken a big job, and they did it. Being no less children of this world than crusaders towards the next, they foresaw



JAMES A. FLAHERTY, SUPREME KNIGHT, K. OF C.

that a press not loud in praise of their good deeds might become inexpressibly strident if they should miss their step and commit doubtful ones. So they proceeded with caution all the way.

In so basic a matter as the construction of camp buildings they argued that one crowded building with free smokes and a handful of candy for every man in the crowd was a better war relief proposition than two buildings with elbow space galore but no free smokes and no free candy. They also took grave counsel to themselves concerning the religious feature of their work. Serving none other than Catholic soldiers religiously, they argued that these men were in conscience bound to observe their religious duties. Therefore it was unnecessary to remind them that Mass was said in K. of C. huts on Sunday mornings. As for the soldiers who were not Catholics, it was the Knights' business to be solicitous regarding their comfort, not their consciences. Thus it is seen that, while effectively placing means for religious practice before the Catholic boys, the Knights avoided even the mention of religion to non-Catholics, who frequented their huts in just as large numbers as the Catholics.

In addition to following this eternally successful rule of not meddling in the personal affairs of others, the Knights, with the empiric wisdom that guides all plain men who strive to do good in a straightforward way, adopted the policy of giving the men what they wanted rather than what they should want. So at K. of C. huts throughout the land strange spectacles might be witnessed—pot-pourri shows of vaudeville, movies, and prize-fighting. The organization's attitude is perfectly illustrated by one anecdote. At Camp Merritt on a certain night two events were under way. In the K. of C. building a boxing carnival was proceeding with acclaim from boys who packed the building to the rafters. Across the street a lecturer was giving instruction to a group of thoughtful young men. The instructor finished his lecture and wandered over to the K. of C. hall, whence issued clamor and the thud of gloves upon flesh. He expressed his surprise, to a stout, amiable person mopping a sweaty brow as he stood on the building stoop, that the Knights of Columbus should provide brutal sport for the Nation's young defenders.

"Friend," the amiable person replied, pithily, "did the Government train these young men to be Ethical Culture guys or to go over and knock daylight out of the Germans?"

The question was of philosophical import. But it was adequately answered by many of the care-free young pragmatists who accompanied its utterance with hoarse yells of delight as Kid McCarthy dislodged the eye-teeth of "Goat" Bradley—answered by these young men at Seringes and Château Thierry.

Over in France the Knights found many opportunities for the display of native common sense and the practice of mother wit. The K. of C. secretaries went up to the front with privates as privates, and the hearty rebuff, "You're money's no good with us," was sung to all kinds and conditions of fighting men by every man with the K. of C. chevron on his arm. The Knights picked men of middle age who had boys of their own in the service and were in the psychological state to treat all other boys vicariously as their own sons. Then, knowing that in the rush and turmoil of action company kitchens were often abandoned or destroyed, the Knights rolled kitchens right up under fire—providing hot drinks to thousands of boys on entering and leaving the hell of battle.

When supplies ran short, the soldiers were warned and given a vote in the disposition of what remained. It always went to the "buddies" coming from action. The K. of C. men lived with the fighting men and were of them. Statistics of their number and their achievements are unnecessary to augment the mark they have made on the American soldier's heart, any more than the fact that they have, through their seventeen hundred and more Councils, obtained over ten thousand jobs for returned soldiers and sailors augments the argument of their very existence and organization as a factor in their peace work.

The Knights have made good because they placed themselves in the attitude of fathers to the boys—real fathers who know that their boys are real men. Their success has made it impossible for the old, riotous religious prejudice to become rampant again. And that is not the least profit America gains from the war. When men like Edward N. Hurley, Charles M. Schwab, Admiral Benson, and Joyce Kilmer could be attracted to join the ranks of the K. of C. before the organization earned its war prestige, it requires a giant of all proportions excepting one—fair-mindedness—to question the good will and good work of the organization now.

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WEEKLY OUTLINE STUDY OF CURRENT HISTORY

BY J. MADISON GATHANY, A.M.

HOPE STREET HIGH SCHOOL, PROVIDENCE, R. I.

Based on The Outlook of April 9, 1919

Each week an Outline Study of Current History based on the preceding number of The Outlook will be printed for the benefit of current events classes, debating clubs, teachers of history and of English, and the like, and for use in the home and by such individual readers as may desire suggestions in the serious study of current history.—THE EDITORS.

[Those who are using the weekly outline should not attempt to cover the whole of an outline in any one lesson or study. Assign for one lesson selected questions, one or two propositions for discussion, and only such words as are found in the material assigned. Or distribute selected questions among different members of the class or group and have them report their findings to all when assembled. Then have all discuss the questions together.]

I—INTERNATIONAL AFFAIRS

A. Topic: Austria and the League of Nations.

Reference: Pages 606–608.

Questions:

1. Select and arrange in orderly fashion the principal statements of the Austrian Chancellor on the League of Nations. Tell what you think of his conception of the League and its function. 2. Tell, with reasons, whether you agree with him when he says that "to leave the Teutonic . . . nations out of the League would insure its failure." 3. Does it seem to you that Dr. Renner has in this interview attempted to sow seeds of discord among the Allies? Would this be a natural thing for an Austrian to do? Furnish the evidence for your answer. 4. Explain the "Balance of Power" system and Chancellor Renner's comments upon it. 5. Discuss whether the Chancellor has spoken sensibly on the "Balance of Power" system. 6. "If you force us to pay a big indemnity," said Dr. Renner, "you will simply force us into Bolshevism." Give reasons why, in your opinion, he said this to Mr. Mason. 7. Suppose he is right; ought the Allies nevertheless to force Austria to pay a big indemnity? Discuss. 8. The Austrian Chancellor told Mr. Mason that in 1914 there was no solution of the problem of peace except in war. Give facts that disprove this position. 9. Give the Chancellor's view of idealists and present a number of illustrations which tend to prove or disprove his view. 10. Dr. Renner evidently believes that the world is improving. Give a number of evidences that it is. 11. An invaluable study in European diplomacy and one that gives much information about Austria is found in J. A. R. Marriott's "The Eastern Question" (Oxford University Press).

B. Topic: Republican Leaders and the League of Nations.

Reference: Pages 593, 594.

Questions:

1. What is the position taken by each of the four Republican party leaders named by The Outlook? What to you is the real significance of the position they have taken? 2. Discuss whether all six amendments suggested by Mr. Root are essential to the protection of the United States? 3. Does America stand in any need of entering the League of Nations? Reasons. 4. Tell a number of facts about the origin and growth of international society. 5. Discuss: "The League plan represents the finest impulses of the common race." 6. Read a new and truly valuable book, "The Society of Nations," by T. J. Lawrence (Oxford University Press).

II—NATIONAL AFFAIRS

A. Topic: Workingman—Capitalist—Middleman.

Reference: Editorial, page 597.

Questions:

1. What are the three charges the Bolsheviki bring against the middlemen and capitalists mentioned in the first paragraph of this editorial? 2. In your opinion, are these charges in any respects true? Discuss. 3. Must there always be the three kinds of people in the industrial world who are mentioned in this reference? Give reasons and illustrate. 4. What, according to The Outlook, is the labor problem, reduced to its simplest terms? Discuss its solution. 5. State ten beliefs of the Bolsheviki, and discuss whether Socialism is American. 6. Good material for the answer to question 5 can be found in "Ten Days that Shook the World," by John Reed (Boni & Liveright), and in "Socialism and American Ideals," by W. S. Myers (Princeton University Press).

B. Topic: Our Changing Constitution.

Reference: Pages 597, 598; 609–611.

Questions:

1. Give reasons why there was general popular feeling against a strong central government in the United States in the eighteenth century. 2. Explain why and how public opinion has been practically reversed on this question. 3. Give several reasons why, in your opinion, it is or is not well that "the spirit of the American people has changed, and with it their understanding and interpretation of the Constitution." 4. One dollar and fifty cents could scarcely be spent better than in the purchase of "Federal Power," by H. L. West (Doran). Of this book Theodore Roosevelt said, "An exceedingly creditable piece of work."

III—PROPOSITIONS FOR DISCUSSION

(These propositions are suggested directly or indirectly by the subject-matter of The Outlook, but not discussed in it.)

1. Federal power in the United States has grown by an evolutionary process. 2. Bolshevism is a thing not safely to be ignored. 3. Germany has not experienced a democratic revolution.

IV—VOCABULARY BUILDING

(All of the following words and expressions are found in The Outlook for April 9, 1919. Both before and after looking them up in the dictionary or elsewhere, give their meaning *in your own words*. The figures in parentheses refer to pages on which the words may be found.)

Morass (607); Republican party (593), justiciable questions, codify, covenant, tradition (594); parasites, free Republic (597); congeries (597); Nationalism (598).

A booklet suggesting methods of using the Weekly Outline of Current History will be sent on application

Foiled—

By the Yale Protected Closet

The stealthy, sneaking porch climber *never enters through the safely locked front or back doors.*

MAKE one place *within* your home safe from the burglar who may get in through a window. Select *one* closet. In it place those articles of value you used to leave unguarded in many parts of the house.

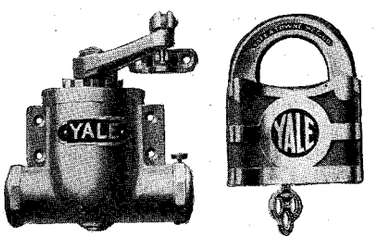
Put a Yale Cylinder Night Latch on that closet door and you have a real safe deposit vault—a deadline against the porch climber, slinking intruder and the pilfering servant. They cannot pick, force, or tamper with a Yale Cylinder Night Latch and they *know* it.

See your hardware dealer today. Ask him for a Yale Cylinder Night Latch, see the trade-mark "Yale" on it and install it on your closet door.

Yale Cylinder Night Latches are made by the makers of Yale Door Closers, Yale Padlocks, Yale Builders' Hardware, Yale Cabinet Locks, Yale Chain Blocks and Yale Bank Locks.

The Yale & Towne Mfg. Co.
9 East 40th Street New York City

Chicago Office: 77 East Lake Street
Canadian Yale & Towne Ltd., St. Catharines, Ont.



TRADE YALE MARK

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THE POSTMAN'S PAY

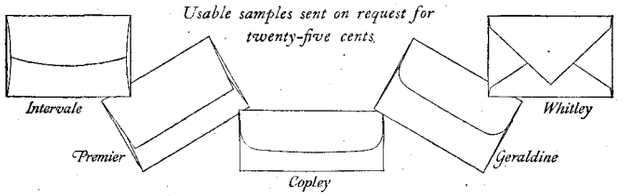
Crane's Linen Lawn

[THE CORRECT WRITING PAPER]

has beauty as well as style. A girl may be beautiful in any costume. She will be smart only when stylishly gowned. The beauty of Crane's Linen Lawn is inherent in the paper. The style is the result of our knowledge of what is correct and appropriate in fine stationery.

All good stationery departments can show you the five new, smart envelope shapes—Whitley, Premier, Intervale, Geraldine and Copley—any one of which you can select with confidence. Also three new colors—Mignonette, Laurel and Forget-me-not—as well as white.

Usable samples sent on request for twenty-five cents



EATON, CRANE & PIKE COMPANY, *New York, Pittsfield, Mass.*

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McCutcheon's

Dainty New Negligees and Silk Skirts

THE new Spring Negligees and Silk Petticoats described below merit particular attention at the prices quoted.

Not only is this a most opportune time to purchase, but we believe that comparison will convince you that these McCutcheon values are unusually attractive.

Negligee (illustrated), three-quarter lengths, of Wash Satin, lined with Albatross. Colors: Pink, Blue, $22.50.

Negligee. Plain semi-Empire model in Crepe de Chine, shirred ribbon trimmed. $12.75.

Breakfast Coat. Three-quarter length Satin, tailored; deep tucks in skirts. $18.50.

Straight line Albatross Kimona, edged with hand-buttoned scallops. $28.50.
Same model, Silk lined. $35.00.

Silk Petticoats. An excellent assortment, including White shadow-proof Wash Silks, $3.95, 4.95 and 5.50.

Petticoats. Plain, two-toned, and flowered Taffeta. $3.95, 5.50, 6.75 and 7.50.

Our straight-line tailored Silk Jersey Skirt is absolutely dependable. In street and evening shades, all of which possess excellent wearing and laundering qualities. Skirts $12.50. Pantaloons to match, $9.75.

Mail Order Service

Any of the merchandise described or illustrated above may be ordered with complete satisfaction through our mail order service.

James McCutcheon & Co.
Fifth Avenue, 34th and 33d Sts., N. Y.

Reg. Trade Mark

The Annual

Out-of-Doors Number

of The Outlook

will be the issue of June 11, 1919. This number will contain several special articles on out-of-doors and vacation subjects, as well as beautiful illustrations of typical American scenery. We suggest the use of advertising space in this issue by Summer Hotels and Camps, Tourist Agencies, and Steamship Lines.

Rates and special information upon request.

Department of Classified Advertising
THE OUTLOOK, 381 Fourth Avenue, New York

THE NEW BOOKS

This department will include descriptive notes, with or without brief comments, about books received by The Outlook. Many of the important books will have more extended and critical treatment later

FICTION

Dawn. By Eleanor H. Porter. Illustrated. Houghton Mifflin Company, Boston.

Mrs. Porter's books may not be "major fiction," but they appeal to the human and humane feeling of sound-hearted people. Here the hero is a blind boy who fights back against grief and pain by helping other people to be happy.

Lady Larkspur. By Meredith Nicholson. Charles Scribner's Sons, New York.

This is pure comedy, carried on in high spirits and mingled with the charm of romance. It is not necessary to ask whether the events are probable or not; they are assuredly amusing and lively, and the suspense and mystery are sustained from beginning to end.

Strange Case of Cavendish (The). By Randall Parrish. The George H. Doran Company, New York.

A combination of a murder mystery and a Wild West thriller. The second element is far the most exciting part of the tale. Its action is kept up in ever-growing intensity and the incidents are well invented and dramatically described.

Tin Soldier (The). By Temple Bailey, Illustrated. The Penn Publishing Company, Philadelphia.

A simple and wholesome story of a young man who feels that certain obligations of honor prevent him from entering the war, and of the girl who helps him to bear the suffering and humiliation that follow.

BIOGRAPHY

Fields of the Fatherless (The). By Jean Roy. The George H. Doran Company, New York.

It is almost incredible that this book, with all its crudities, could have been written by a barmaid's illegitimate daughter, with only the most sordid background and the most limited educational opportunities. But, as the story comes to the reader, it makes the impression that the woman had a soul that rose triumphantly above her fate. Her story will win deep sympathy. It lacks the love element except as an unrealized dream, but there are occasional welcome touches of humor in situations that are for the most part repellent though nevertheless of absorbing human interest.

Life of Frederick Courtenay Selous, D.S.O. By J. G. Millais. Longmans, Green & Co., New York.

Big-game hunter and African empire builder, Selous was a personality of rugged worth. Theodore Roosevelt knew him well and liked him greatly. Our readers will recall the article on Selous by Mr. Roosevelt printed in The Outlook about two years ago. This biography by Mr. Millais brings out Selous's traits finely. Millais, as an expert on hunting, as an agreeable writer, and as an admirer of Selous, was the best possible choice as biographer. The book has permanent value.

Voltaire in His Letters. Being a Selection from His Correspondence. Translated by S. G. Tallentyre. Illustrated. G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York.

Tallentyre's Life of Voltaire is the most recent and the most satisfactory of the biographies of this enigmatical man. This selection of eighty-four letters from his voluminous correspondence is admirably edited. Each letter is preceded by a well-written sketch describing the circumstances under which and the person to whom the

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The New Books (Continued)

letter was written. Thus these letters give a self-painted portrait of Voltaire. It is true that apparently he never quite forgot that he was on the stage, and always wrote with a consciousness in the back of his brain of a possible audience. With his beliefs and with the conditions of society what they were, this was a wise and an almost inevitable state of mind. His religious faith would not be satisfactory to an orthodox believer; but that he was not a mere jeerer at religion, that he had a definite religious belief, the following description of his religion appears to demonstrate:

> To worship God; to leave to every man freedom to serve Him according to his own ideas; to love one's neighbors; enlighten them if we can; pity them, if they are in error; to regard as immaterial questions which would never have given trouble if no importance had been attached to them; this is my religion, which is worth all your systems and all your symbols.

Marshal Ferdinand Foch. By A. Hilliard Atteridge. Maps. Dodd, Mead & Co., New York.

This is distinctly the best of the biographies of Marshal Foch which have as yet appeared in English. It combines in good proportion the personal and the military history of the "generalissimo" whose brain conceived the strategy which brought the great war to an end.

POETRY

Kiltartan Poetry Book (The). Prose Translations from the Irish. By Lady Gregory. G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York.

These weird prose-poems might be called the Lamentations of Jeremiah done into Irish. They are almost invariably of the elegiac spirit. Some of them, albeit the speech of peasants, have a haunting beauty; this, for example: "It is sorrowful I am, without mirth, without light, but only sadness and grief and long dying; your harp used to be sweet to me, it wakened my heart to gladness. Now my courage is fallen down, I not to hear you but to be always remembering your ways. Och! my grief is going through me!"

Rocking Horse (The). By Christopher Morley. The George H. Doran Company, New York.

Quaint conceit, honest fun, songs of child nature, vivid impression of out of doors—all and more are here in clever Christopher's cleverest verse.

Song of Three Friends (The). By John G. Neihardt. The Macmillan Company, New York.

ESSAYS AND CRITICISM

English Leadership. English Leadings in Modern History: An Essay by J. N. Larned; Introduction by William Howard Taft. **The Geographic Factor in English History,** by Donald E. Smith. **English Contributions to Scientific Thought** and **The English Gift to World Literature,** by Grace F. Caldwell. The C. A. Nichols Company, Springfield, Massachusetts.

Writing and Reading of Verse (The). By C. E. Andrews, M.A., Ph.D. D. Appleton & Co., New York.

This is an admirable book for writers of verse and for those readers of it who are not content merely to say that they don't know anything about verse, but they "know what they like." In an entertaining and not too technical fashion Professor Andrews discusses the principles of verse—meter, rhyme, and melody—and the technique of special stanzaic forms. The book, which follows Lanier's theory that the rhythm of verse, like the rhythm of music, depends upon an equality of time divisions, is sane, scholarly, and exhaustive, and, on the whole, the most useful book on versification that has appeared in many years.

Let Your Own Teeth Decide This

All Statements Approved by High Dental Authorities

Note the Film There Now

Feel your teeth with your tongue and you note a slimy film. There lies the reason why teeth cleaning methods have proved inadequate.

Millions find that brushed teeth still discolor and decay. Tartar accumulates. Pyorrhea has become alarmingly common. Statistics show that tooth troubles have constantly increased.

Every authority knows that the reason lies in that slimy film. It clings to the teeth. It gets into crevices, hardens and stays. And most tooth troubles are caused by it.

That film is what discolors—not the teeth. It is the basis of tartar. It holds food substance which ferments and forms acid. It holds the acid in contact with the teeth to cause decay.

Millions of germs breed in it. They, with tartar, are the chief cause of pyorrhea.

Old methods of teeth cleaning do not end it, as everybody knows. But dental science has for years sought a way to do it. Now that way is found. Clinical tests have proved this to dentists, and now we are urging everyone to prove it. The method is embodied in a dentifrice called Pepsodent, and we send an ample test to anyone who asks.

Watch It For Ten Days

We urge you to ask for a 10-Day Tube. It is free. Then let your own teeth decide its action on the film.

Pepsodent is based on pepsin, the digestant of albumin. The film is albuminous matter. The object of Pepsodent is to dissolve it, then to constantly combat it.

Pepsin long seemed impossible, because it must be activated. The usual method is an acid, harmful to the teeth. But science has discovered a harmless activating method. Five governments have already granted patents. And that invention has made pepsin possible.

Pepsodent was submitted to many clinical tests before it was offered to users. Able authorities proved its results beyond question Leading dentists all over America are now urging its adoption. Now it is felt that everyone should know it, and at once; so we publish this trial offer.

Send this coupon for a 10-day Tube. Use it like any tooth paste. Note how clean the teeth feel after using. Mark the absence of the slimy film. See how the teeth whiten as the fixed film disappears.

Judge it by what it does. Prove it for your own sake and your children's sake. When you see these results you will not again try to clean teeth without it. Cut out the coupon now.

Return your empty tooth paste tubes to the nearest Red Cross Station

Pepsodent PAT. OFF. REG. U.S.

The New-Day Dentifrice

A Scientific Product—Sold by Druggists Everywhere

(158)

10-Day Tube Free

THE PEPSODENT CO.,
Dept. 448, 1104 S. Wabash Ave., Chicago, Ill.

Mail 10-Day Tube of Pepsodent to

Name.....

Address.....

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The Outlook Classified Advertising Section

SPECIAL ANNOUNCEMENTS OF TOWN AND COUNTRY PROPERTY FOR SALE AND TO RENT

CALIFORNIA

FOR SALE IN HEART OF LOS ANGELES, CAL., one beautiful bungalow site on Sunset Boulevard, one excellent business site on Central Avenue. Address W. C. LOCKWOOD, 302 Hancock St., Ithaca, N. Y.

Girls' School, Southern California. School equipment, patronage, home furnishings complete, to be sold immediately; building and grounds to be leased. Established 10 years. Best standing. Investment of $6,000 required. Address P. O. Box 3,273, San Francisco, Cal.

CANADA

MURRAY BAY
(POINTE-AU-PIC), QUEBEC
For rent (or sale)

Former summer residence of late Mr. Justice Harlan, of U. S. Supreme Court—12 rooms, 2 baths, completely furnished; fine tennis court; wide view of St. Lawrence and Laurentian Mts.; ten minutes' walk to golf links; delightful summer colony. Also, for rent, one smaller cottage. Address RICHARD D. HARLAN, 394 Dorchester St., West, Montreal.

LAURENTIAN MOUNTAINS. 8-room and 2-room summer cottages on beautiful 16 Island Lake, 70 miles from Montreal. For sale or rent. E. Albert Cook, 327 College St. N. W., Washington, D. C.

CONNECTICUT

Beautiful Pomfret
TO RENT
"GREYSTOKE"

Nine master's and five servants' chambers. Fully furnished; water from artesian well; modern plumbing and heating. Garage. Every convenience. Golf near station. **Electricity for light without charge.** Low rent. Address EDWARD S. ENGLISH, Pomfret, Conn.

Berkshire Hills, Cornwall, Conn.
To rent, furnished, new 7-room cottage. Bathroom, open fireplace, garage, ice-house. Garden planted. 4 miles from station. $300 season. Dr. E. M. FOOTE, 119 E. 40th St., N. Y. City.

For Rent, in the Litchfield Hills
9-room furnished house, 2 baths and all conveniences. 3 hrs. from New York, 3 miles from station. Wm. B. Hubbard, Cornwall, Conn.

For Rent A small house with kitchenette, modern conveniences, large living-room. Very attractive. Address L. R. SANFORD, Cornwall, Conn.

FOR RENT A good-sized **house** with all modern conveniences, large veranda, acetylene gas, ice-house, fine view, in the beautiful village of Cornwall, Connecticut. L. R. SANFORD.

Let Your Children Play on our **Long Island Sound** white sand beaches, near New London. Write for illustrated descriptions of waterfront property for sale, also furnished summer cottages for sale or rent. CRUTTENDEN, Crescent Beach, Conn.

A Connecticut Mountain Lake Camp
On Owner's Private Estate

A place for a tutor and his student, two fishing cranks, or a couple with a love for the out-of-doors. $750 for the season.
M. H. HOPSON, Kent, Conn.

NEW CANAAN, CONN.
For sale. Fully developed country place, 35 acres, less than 2 miles from station. Sound views. Address OWNER, 9,449, Outlook.

For Rent at Norfolk, Conn.
One mile from station, on Litchfield Road, wide unobstructed views, a **house of ten large rooms,** 2 baths, laundry, electric lights, telephone, running water. Address R. B. STOECKEL, Agent, Norfolk.

RIDGEFIELD, CONN.
For Sale or Rent

23 acres woodland, fields and garden; small lake with water rights. Farm house, six rooms and bath, partly furnished. 2½ miles from station. Terms reasonable. Inquire Mrs. N. M. Thomas, 221 E. 17th St., New York.

LITCHFIELD HILLS, Sharon, Conn. **Large and Small COTTAGES,** completely furnished; electricity, modern plumbing. Convenient train service from New York. BAKER & KIRBY, Sharon, Conn.

CONNECTICUT

For Rent in
Stonington Borough
CONNECTICUT

A fine residence, completely furnished. Ten rooms. Both electric lights and modern improvements. Situated on high grounds on east side of Main Street, with a fine lawn and some two or more acres of land. Within 3 minutes' walk to railroad station and electrics. A perfect place for a summer home. Address MOSES A. PENDLETON, Stonington, Conn.

FOR RENT—FURNISHED
"The Sumacs," Washington, Ct. Nestles on a southern slope; extended view down a beautiful wooded valley. 13 rooms, upstairs sitting-room. 7 acres, garage, town water, reasonable rent. Address GIBSON, Room 322, 56 Wall St., N. Y. City.

FOR SALE
A Place Near to Nature

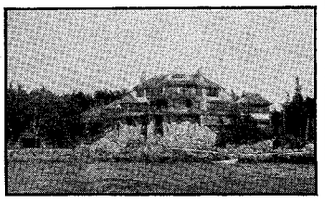
64 acres of hilltop land, 4-room new bungalow surrounded by verandas, barn, hen house. Exceptionally good view away from habitation; 10 minutes' trolley ride to schools, churches, stores, etc.; 40 minutes' ride to city of 100,000; 5 minutes' walk from trolley. Is different. Call and see it. J. Cassidy, Woodbury, Conn.

Fine farm with attractive house, three baths, furnace. Situated on hill overlooking beautiful country. Fruit trees, attractive grounds, fine tennis court, excellent artesian well. Place within commuting distance New York. 9,985, Outlook.

DISTRICT OF COLUMBIA

Washington, D. C. House and grounds overlooking Rock Creek, $35,000. Also lots suitable for bungalows. S. GOODS, 1314 Connecticut Ave.

MAINE



COAST OF MAINE
TO RENT
16-room residence, $900, and
11-room cottage, $450
FOR SEASON

Fine views over Penobscot Bay.

Both furnished, ample plumbing fixtures and heating, telephone. Are in 220-acre private reservation of wild land with 2 miles of shore. Barn for automobiles, boathouse. Address OLMSTED BROTHERS, Brookline, Mass.

Camp Moosehorns
IN MAINE—FOR SALE

Fifteen log cabins on **Little Schoois Lake,** on B. & A. Profitable business in heart of fish and game region. For any Maine property apply to LOUIS KIRSTEIN & SONS, **largest agency in Maine,** Bangor, Me.

Camden, Me. Furnished cottages for rent, both lake and seashore, ranging in price from $400 to $4,000. Also summer hotel property for sale. Correspondence solicited. Camden Real Estate Co., Camden, Me.

CAMDEN, MAINE

ATTRACTIVE COTTAGE, fully furnished, on the water. E. L. Dillingham, 597 Fifth Ave., N. Y.

Camden, Me. For rent, fully furnished, several high-class seashore cottages. $450 to $2,000. Photos, plans, and detailed description. J. R. PRESCOTT, Newtonville, Mass.

For Sale — Bargain Price $15,000
FARMINGTON, ME.
FARM OF 275 ACRES

Main house 12 rooms, steam heat. Servants' quarters, 5 rooms. All improvements throughout. Stock barn 80x40; box stalls. Spring water running in house and barn. Farm includes 23 head of cattle, 1 pair of horses, gasoline engines with sawing outfit, and all other farming implements and tools. 1,000 grafted apple trees, plums, pears and cherries. Pasture for 50 head of stock. Address MRS. A. B. LARCON, Farmington, Me.

MAINE

For Sale Seven-room, well-furnished **Summer Cottage**
Located at Murrey Hill, East Boothbay, Me.

Situated on high land, grand view of Linniken Bay and ocean. Running water, electric lights, fireplace—all ready for occupancy. Price $1,900. For details address owner, C. S. MCFARLAND, 91 Commercial St., Boston, Mass.

ISLESFORD, ME.
For Sale or Rent

House, twelve rooms, hardwood floors, open fires, fine water supply, two acres of land, trees, garden, sandy beach, boat-house, wood and ice house. Fine view of mountains. Twenty minutes from North East and Seal Harbor. Apply Guarantee Trust & Safe Deposit Company, 316 Chestnut St., Phila., Pa.

ISLESFORD Little **Cranberry Island**
Opp. Seal Harbor, Me. To let by the month, or for the summer; house fully furnished; 7 bedrooms, 2 bathrooms. Driven well. Views of Mt. Desert Range and ocean. Apply to V. Y. B., 506 Beacon St., Boston.

Kennebunkport, Me. **To Rent Furnished**
Two desirable ocean front cottages, furnished; six to eight bedrooms, garden, electric light, large porches. Apply Mrs. S. H. JONES, 7737 St. Martin's Lane, Chestnut Hill, Pa.

For Sale and Rent

Attractive Estates and Summer Homes at Moosehead and Belgrade Lakes, Camden, Castine, Kennebunkport, Ogunquit, Cape Elizabeth, Falmouth Foreside, Casco Bay, and all other desirable locations in **STATE OF MAINE**
MAINE REALTY BUREAU, Portland, Maine.

North Bridgton, Me. For rent for summer
Comfortable furnished house, five bedrooms, bath, spring water. C. H. GOULD, 1815 Newton St. N. W., Washington, D. C.

NORTH HAVEN, MAINE. 11-room bungalow on ocean's edge. Hot and cold water. Rent $400. Completely furnished. Refs. required. Mrs. J. Coolidge, Cambridge, Mass.

For Sale—Cash Terms. About 1½ Acres
OGUNQUIT, MAINE
NEW HOUSE 1917

On ocean. Three minutes from cable telegraph, hotels, churches, post office, and trolley. Twelve rooms, electric lighting, laundry, light cemented cellar with Boynton furnace; three bathrooms, three fireplaces. Apply by letter. M. M. Stevenson, Lock Box 243, Ogunquit, Me.

Ogunquit, Maine

Large and small modern cottages for rent. Completely furnished for housekeeping. Convenient to the hotels and beach.
E. S. WARE, 917 18th St., Washington, D. C.

OGUNQUIT, ME. FOR RENT
12-room cottage, fully furnished; electric light; garage. Fine location near shore. Mrs. G. F. Shaw, 27 Orkney St., Woodfords, Me.

Old Orchard Beach, Me.
Nicely furnished summer homes for rental. All prices. HARMON REALTY CO.

Rangeley Lake at Oquossoc, Me.
Furnished six-room cottage with motor boat for sale. $1,500. R. T. Parker, Rumford, Me.

PARIS HILL For sale or rent, attractively furnished house, 14 rooms, bathroom, double piazzas, upper one screened, open wood fireplaces, hardwood floors, water analysis like that of Poland, open plumbing, sanitary sewerage. Old New England village, halfway between Poland and Rangeley. Long season. M. C. SNOW.

To let for July. PEMAQUID HARBOR, ME. Furnished 5-room bungalow, fireplace, bathroom. Wonderful ocean view. Boating and fishing. J. B. Fielding, 1536 Commonwealth Ave., Brighton, Mass.

Near Portland **Ravine Lodge,** Casco Bay Shore, 12 rooms, 2 baths, furnished, garage, every convenience. Rental $1,200 Modern 6 to 8 room cottages, $300 to $400. Booklet. CONCORD REALTY CO., 86 Exchange St., Portland, Me.

TO LET AT INGRAHAM'S HILL, one mile from Rockland, close to the harbor, open fire, bath, city water, seven rooms furnished.
NELSON B. COBB, Rockland, Maine.

MAINE

SORRENTO, MAINE

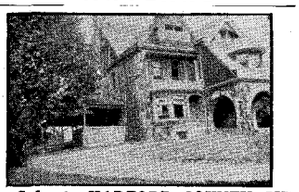
To let, attractive modern cottage, reproduction of old farmhouse. 8 rooms, two baths, open fireplaces, fully furnished. Wonderful air and views. Rent $300. Apply to Mrs. L. E. ROWE, 281 Benefit St., Providence, R. I.

TO LET, at Sorrento, Me., near water, "Blythlea," a plastered house of 12 rooms, 9 sleeping rooms, 2 baths, modern plumbing, running water on each floor, electric lights. Fully furnished. No Agents. The Misses EDMANDS, 12 Corey Rd., Brookline, Mass.

Bass Harbor, Tremont, Me.
For Rent, Furnished House
16 rooms, 6 acres; on ocean, near stores.
GOTTS ISLAND, ME. — Artist's Furnished Bungalow for Rent
Address F. D. LEFFINGWELL, Montclair, N. J.

To Let—Furnished Bungalow
Seven rooms, modern plumbing, fine water. Attractively located on Frenchman's Bay. Beautiful woods, mile shore front. Mrs. S. L. APOLLONIO, 16 River St., Boston, Mass.

MARYLAND



For Sale, in HARFORD COUNTY, MD.
Between Baltimore and Philadelphia, property containing **32 acres,** larger portion in good state of cultivation, balance good pasture. Attractive dwelling, 12 rooms, 2 baths, butler's and a kitchen pantry. Hot water heat and lighted by acetylene gas plant. Also lodge, stable, stone office building, frame harness and carriage room, shed and a shop; frame cow barn on concrete foundations. Running water from spring in all buildings. For further particulars address MRS. JAS. H. HARLOW, 4823 Beaumont Ave., Phila., Pa.

Beautiful River Front Plantation in
SOUTHERN MARYLAND
¾ mile water front

50 miles south of Washington, D. C. State macadamized road all but ten miles. 430 acres; 200 acres cultivated, growing finest tobacco, alfalfa, wheat and corn, 100 acres in woods; private oyster bed, 12 acres; wild duck ponds; quail in abundance; modern bungalow; artesian well; 3 tenant houses; barns, etc. Apply to owner,
MRS. LILLA B. SAMPSON,
Sandgates, St. Marys Co., Md.

MASSACHUSETTS

BERKSHIRE HILLS
Williamstown, Mass.

Three to five months. Cool brick house, furnished. Five master's bedrooms, 2 baths; three servants' bedrooms, bath. Garage (stable), 7 acres; lawn, orchard, vegetable garden (planted as tenant requests), strawberries, raspberries. 5 minutes from Country Club (golf, tennis, etc.), 4 minutes from Hotel. Photographs sent on request.
S. F. CLARKE, 50 South Street.

For Sale, 774,285 Square Feet of high land in Brookline, Mass.
Beautifully located, well-built homestead (built in 1878), 1¼ miles from trolley. Will sell land in one piece or in good sized lots. Address Owner, 9,953, Outlook.

CAPE COD **Ocean Front Furnished**
Housekeeping bungalows. 5 and 6 rooms and bathroom; fireplace. Grand view. $175 and $150 season. L. S. RICH, Truro, Mass.

FOR SALE—40-ACRE FRUIT FARM midway between **Pittsfield** and **Northampton.** 1,500 ft. elevation. Unusual brick and frame house, 8 rooms and ell, 6 fireplaces; good barn, orchards, fine view. A. B. Doggett, Jr., Cummington, Mass.

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Real Estate Announcements

MASSACHUSETTS

EAST GLOUCESTER, MASS.

For rent, furnished, on the Moors, new stucco cottage. Large living-room, 3 double bedrooms, 2 baths. Garage convenient.
C. L. SMITH, 593 Park Ave., New York.

FOR SALE AT NAHANT

on ocean's edge, unobstructed views, fourteen rooms, three baths, furnace electricity. Apply to D. L. BRYANT,
3729 North Keeler Ave., Chicago.

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MICHIGAN

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Peterboro, N. H.

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WHITE MOUNTAINS Attractive **Bungalow and Garage,** beautifully located. For rent or sale, furnished. WM. E. SATCHELL, Owner, 162 Gates Ave., Brooklyn, N. Y.

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Fine mountain home property for sale near Littleton, N. H., a beautiful resort town commanding a most picturesque mountain panorama. About 5 miles from Bethlehem and 20 miles from Bretton Woods. On State automobile road. Through trains daily from New York.

House situated high above the town with fine view. Substantial frame construction, large hot-air furnace, electric heaters, hot and cold water, open fireplaces, electric light, 82 acres of meadow, pasture and woodland with large quantity of white pine and balsam.

Also a farmer's cottage with heat and light; large well-equipped barn with cellar; small barn adaptable for 3 car garage; an exceptionally fine chicken house; ice house and other smaller buildings.

All principal buildings are electric lighted, supplied with city water, and connected with town sewerage system.

For further particulars apply to HENRY B. NEWHALL, JR., 90 West St., New York City, or H. D. GREEN, Littleton, N. H.

LAKE WENTWORTH, WOLFEBORO, N. H. For sale or to rent, attractively furnished housekeeping bungalow, 2 stories, wide verandas, large living-room, kitchen, etc., 8 bedrooms, open fireplaces, hardwood floors; boats, bathing houses, etc. Rent $350 for season to desirable tenant. T. Murray, 141 Broadway, N. Y. City.

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Modern, Semi-Fireproof House, six master's bedrooms, complete servants' quarters, three baths, sleeping-porch, sun parlor, plumbing up to date, steam heater, gas and electric light, garage for two cars, about one acre of ground beautifully planted, exceptional view.

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Real Estate Announcements

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FOR SALE, $4,000

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A beautifully situated country residence, 110 miles from New York, in the eastern Catskills. Altitude 1,100 feet, with view of 8,000 square miles over the Hudson River Valley. Living-room, dining-room, kitchen, five sleeping-rooms. House well furnished. Running spring water. Two acres of land, tennis court, stable or garage. Apply to F. F. CARPENTER, P. O. Box 89, Palenville, Greene Co., N. Y.

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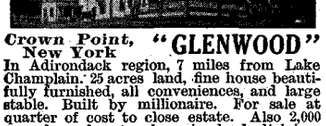

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FOR SALE OR RENT

Brick house, well furnished, delightfully located. 14 large rooms, 2 bathrooms, fireplace. Laundry in basement, with set tubs. Five master bedrooms, 3 maids' rooms. Large piazzas, commanding beautiful view of lake, mountains of Vermont, and the Adirondacks. Beautiful shade trees and lawn. For full particulars and views address WM. H. STOWER, Moriah, New York.

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Send for Circular.

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Beautifully situated on Hudson River, 100 miles from New York City; nearest large city Kingston. **50 acres** of very fertile land, about 20 of which are in timber. 1,500 ft. river frontage. Good bathing beach, fishing and hunting. Height above river 125 ft. Climate dry and healthful. Good roads and near R.R. station. **Modernized cement block residence,** 7 rooms, bath, 3 open fireplaces, hardwood floors throughout. Hot water heating. Water supply from drilled well. Outbuildings are complete and include stable (garage), room for farm hand, farming implements, etc. Fully equipped poultry house, 250 fruit trees, grape vines, rhubarb and asparagus beds, pergola, flower beds, and lawn. For price and further particulars, apply to

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FOR SALE

12-room "Tuberculosis Sanatorium"

Modern, completely furnished. Enclosed sleeping porches, 2-acre lot, and beautifully located in the "Heart of the Blue Ridge Mountains" in North Carolina. Price $6,500. GEORGE N. ENNETT, Black Mountain, N. C.

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For Sale—An Estate

consisting of fine stone mansion, keeper's house, stone cottage, farm under cultivation, 2 icehouses, power-house, tenant houses, lake for boating and swimming, 2,300 acres forest land, attractive river and mountain scenery, mountain water and medicinal springs; located at P. R. R. Station, Covallen, near Harrisburg; cost owner $150,000 to develop; can be bought half cost. Apply S. FRIEDMAN, Real Estate, Kunkel Bldg., Harrisburg, Pa.

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Finely located in the Pocono Mountains. The death of the owner cause of sale. Address H. METCALF, Tarrytown, N. Y.

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Furnished House of 10 Rooms

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FOR SALE

235-acre Rhode Island Farm

Well divided between tillage, pasture and wood. 10 miles from Narragansett Pier. Large stone house, finished in hard woods; 16 rooms. 2 large barns, hen-houses. 1½ mile to R.R. station. Good roads. Beautiful shade trees. For terms apply to H. B. CLARKE, West Kingston, R. I.

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Summer Resort or Sanitarium

A once popular summer resort property beautifully situated in the green and wooded hills of Vermont and easily accessible. Consisting of a three-story brick building of some fifty rooms, two annexes of about forty rooms, several cottages, a mineral spring of great medicinal value flowing some 20,000,000 gallons per year, the water from which has been on the market commercially for years, all located in a twelve-acre park traversed by a beautiful stream and, if desired, a 160-acre farm in addition. An ideal property for a sanitarium—all at a bargain price. CHARLES N. POWERS, Rennington, Vt.

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In the foothills of the Green Mountains. **An ideal SUMMER HOME** in one of the most attractive towns in New England. Beautifully located. 6 acres. 16 master's and 5 servants' rooms, besides kitchen, laundry, etc. Excellent churches, schools, public library, etc. Address **C. B. CROWELL, Brattleboro, Vt.**

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TO RENT, Furnished Summer Cottage

"BREEZY BEACH"

on Lake Morey, Fairlee, Vt.

Porch on 3 sides. Living-room 14 x 26. Dining-room 15 x 22. Open fireplaces. 5 bedrooms, 2 baths, servants' rooms, laundry, cold cellar, ice and wood. 2-story boathouse, 20 x 35; garage; 2-story carriage house, with man's room; modern stable; flower garden; dirt tennis *court, golf and croquet greens; coolest spot* on lake. About 5 acres; lake frontage 600 ft.; dock; safe sand beach, black bass fishing. Scenery unsurpassed. Lake 1 mile from railroad. Supplies delivered to cottage daily. Long distance telephone. Address **W. C. LOW, 346 Broadway, New York.**

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For rent. Furnished cottage, Main Street, for summer season of 1919. 14 rooms, 3 baths, extra lavatories, garage. For further particulars address P. O. Box 324, Manchester, Vt.

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Real Farm and Attractive Summer Home

Mile and a half from R. R. Station. Celebrated golf course in town. 110 acres—15 acres woodland. Residence contains living-room, dining-room, office, pantry, laundry and kitchen, 6 bedrooms, 3 baths. Large barn accommodates 30 cows, 3 horses, pigs and chickens. Hot and cold water; good sewerage. Farm under care of competent farmer with 40 or 50 acres under cultivation. Valuable milk route, etc. Address **Reynolds D. Brown, 1404 Land Title Bldg., Phila., Pa.**

FOR SALE

Beautiful Mountain Home

15 acres. 11 bedrooms, 4 bathrooms, hardwood floors and ceilings, 3 open fireplaces, hot air heater, broad piazzas, outside swimming pool. 3-room log camp. Gardener's house. Stables and garage, chicken house, etc. Will sell for ⅔ of cost. Complete furnishings also at low price. Photographs on request. 9,945, Outlook.

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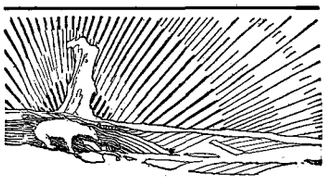

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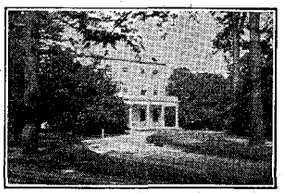

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WANTED—Young women to take nine months' course in nursing. Frances Parker Memorial Home, New Brunswick, N. J.

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BY THE WAY

"Every music publisher should keep a professional enunciator—some one to teach singers how to enunciate so that persons in the fifth and sixth rows, at least, may be able to understand what they are saying." So says a musical critic, and reinforces his advice by this story: A well-known composer, on hearing a singer of the unintelligible type render one of his songs, said: "I always think I'm in the United States until I hear a woman like that try to sing one of my songs. None of that stuff she's getting off was in the lyric when I wrote the melody for it."

Home-coming soldiers are relieving the labor shortage in America, but there seems to be a return movement of Italian labor. "Shipping" notes that the Italian passenger steamer Amerika recently sailed from New York with 3,560 Italians returning to their native country. Incidentally, it is interesting to learn that this great ship had to put in at Norfolk, Virginia, to obtain coal, on account of the harbor strike in New York. She was one of the largest steamers that ever visited Norfolk, which as a port has benefited considerably through New York's strike.

A French writer not long ago visited an ancient village in the Marne Department, far from railways and undisturbed by the war. But is any part of France free from relics of war? In this village he found that the curé had a wonderful collection of prehistoric tools and weapons. "Some big battle probably took place here between two important tribes," said the collector. "Every turn of the plow brings up flint weapons." The collection, 10,000 specimens in all, included even a razor made of flint. The curé's cottage was heaped to the ceilings with these curios, which he had devoted the leisure of a lifetime to collecting.

What day was Adam's birthday? An old author, Captain John Stevens, quoted in the New York "Sun," figures it out that Adam appeared on the scene on Friday, the 25th of March. "If the creation began on Sunday," the "Sun" explains, "and if Adam was made to live on the sixth day, then certainly he was born on Friday. . . . Captain Stevens, casting back 5,700 years in the calendar, may have calculated that the first Friday of the spring of 4004 B.C. was March 25. Certainly we should have an Adam's birthday and celebrate it."

The benevolent sportsman who kills for charity is thus satirized by the "Passing Show:" "Wullie: 'Ye ken that London mannie that took the shootin' up the glen an' promised tae send a' he shot to the hospital? He's certainly a man o' his wurrd!' Janet: 'Oh! what has he sent, Wullie?' 'A guest and twa keepers is his fir-rst donation.'"

Under the heading "A New Etiology for an Old Complaint" a medical journal publishes this "local" from an Iowa newspaper: "Miss —— is recovering from a serious injury received when she slipped on the concrete floor of the bath plant at —— and struck her head. It was at first thought her skull had been fractured. This, however, was not true, but the general shock to her system was so severe that appendicitis developed and an operation was necessary."

An Eastern woman writes to the "Rural New Yorker" as to farm help: "The first

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By the Way (Continued)

of March our helper of last year returned to the farm fold after a winter spent in a mill near by at $100 a month. We had feared he would not come back, but wages are gradually reducing. But mercy! We are paying him high wages for this locality. He gets $55 a month, good house, milk, potatoes, garden, wood, and a share in our very few apples. Several of our largest owners are entirely without help at this writing."

"Mother," said little daughter, according to the London "Mail," "have I any children?" "Why, no, of course not; what *do* you mean?" "Well, the clergyman was talking about 'your children's children,' and I wondered if I have any!"

In "Under Sail," by Felix Riesenberg, a spirited account of life on a big clipper ship in the old days is given. A sailors' Christmas dinner is described, the chief feature of which was a large pie. The men ate this addition to their "bully beef" with much gusto, then fell into a discussion as to what it was made of. Some said it had English currants in it, "it was so bitter." Others said it consisted of raisins and marmalade, while some thought it was "apple jack"—a kind of lumpy apple sauce. To settle the dispute, the cook was appealed to. He produced the can from which the pie was filled. Its gaudy label read simply "Pie Fruit"—and the mystery remained unsolved.

Brewery property in many parts of the country is in the market. Here is a sample advertisement from a New York daily offering such a plant:

> Wanted—A Proposition. Owners of a modern brewery plant, now idle, consisting of several substantial buildings, will entertain a proposition to make this holding productive. Equipment includes railroad siding, refrigerating plant, individual steam and electric plants for light and power. Would prefer arrangement whereby they can participate in a manufacturing enterprise. Address, etc.

Foreigners often pick up "United States" in a remarkably short time, but naturally they make some mistakes. A young Norwegian waitress in a popular New York City restaurant was lately overheard to make this remark to a fellow-waitress: "See that fat man over at that table? Well, he squeezed his eye at me!"

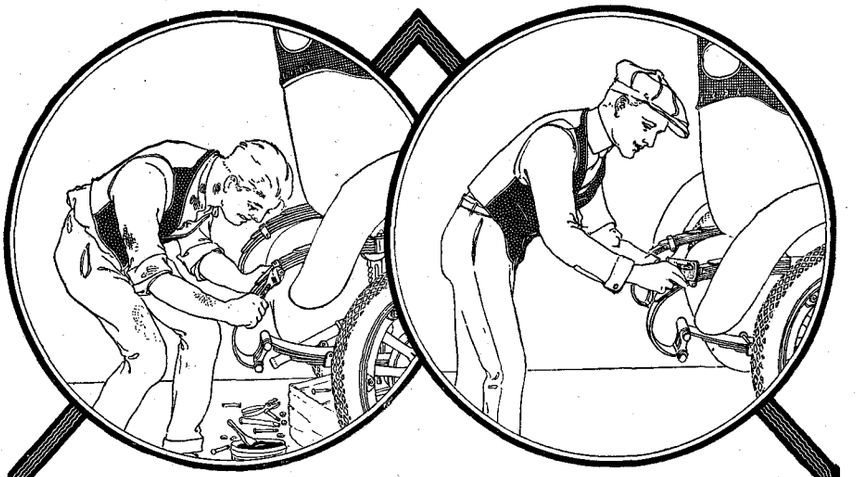
Philately, according to the Philadelphia "Public Ledger," has 3,150 new treasures in the form of stamps issued during the war. These are classed thus: Red Cross; military, for use by troops; occupation, for use by people of invaded lands; war tax, for use on mail in addition to regular stamps; commemorative, issued to celebrate events; revenue; and provisional, made necessary because of shortage of customary paper, scarcity of dyestuffs, etc.

Some "howlers" from school examinations are printed in a daily paper:

> A blizzard is the middle of a hen.
>
> Geometry teaches us how to bisect angels.
>
> When Cicero delivered his oration he was a prefix.
>
> A circle is a round straight line with a hole in the middle.
>
> Posting means setting on a post.

These are probably intentional examples of school-room wit:

> A mountain range is a large sized cook stove.
>
> To stop nosebleed, stand on your head till your heart stops beating.
>
> The chamois is valuable for its feathers, the whale for its kerosene.



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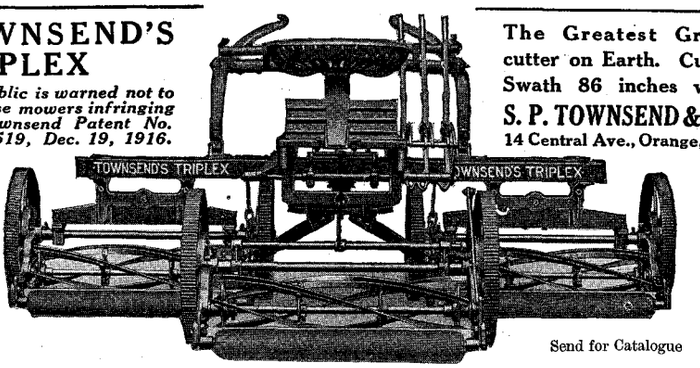

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